

The **A** **MERICAN** **L** **EGION** *Monthly*



PETER B. KYNE ~ ALEXANDER SPRUNT, JR.
SAMUEL McROBERTS ~ FREDERICK PALMER



More tanks are
Filled
with **ETHYL**
than with any other gasoline

ON every highway in the country, gasoline pumps are telling this story: Ethyl Gasoline is now the biggest-selling motor fuel.



For instance: On the Lincoln Highway between New York City and Philadelphia, a recent count showed 655 gasoline pumps, of which 203, or 31%, were Ethyl pumps.

The simple reason is that Ethyl is more than gasoline. It is good gasoline plus Ethyl fluid, which means: gasoline plus *combustion control*.

Inside the engine the Ethyl fluid prevents the uneven explosions of gasoline that cause power-waste, "knock" and over-heating. It holds combustion to the steady, powerful smoothness that develops the best performance of your car.

Ninety-five leading oil refiners testify to the importance of controlled combustion. They spent millions to equip plants to mix Ethyl fluid with gasoline and install pumps in filling stations to sell Ethyl Gasoline.

Stop at any Ethyl pump and see how controlled combustion helps your motor. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

The Ethylembem on any pump stands for tested gasoline of Ethyl quality. Constant inspection of gasoline from Ethyl pumps throughout the country guards this standard. Ethyl Gasoline is always colored red.



ETHYL GASOLINE



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

Why Trained Accountants Command High Salaries

—and how ambitious men are qualifying
by the LaSalle Problem Method

GET this straight.

By "accountancy," we do not mean "bookkeeping." For accountancy begins where bookkeeping leaves off.

The skilled accountant takes the figures handed him by the bookkeeper, and *analyzes* and *interprets* them.

He knows how a new business—under a given set of conditions—can best be financed; how an old business can most readily attract new capital.

He knows how much the costs in the various departments should amount to, how they may be lowered.

He knows what profits should be expected from a given enterprise, how they may be increased.

He knows, in a given business, what per cent of one's working capital can safely be tied up in merchandise on hand, what per cent is safe and adequate for sales promotion. And these, by the way, are but two of *scores* of percentage-figures where-with he points the way to successful operation.

He knows the intricacies of government taxation.

He knows how to *survey* the transactions of a business over a given period; how to show in cold, hard figures the progress it has made and where it is going. He knows how to *use* these findings as a basis for constructive policies.

In short, the trained accountant is the *controlling engineer* of business—the one man business cannot do without.

Small wonder that he commands a salary five to ten times as great as that of the bookkeeper. Indeed, as an independent operator (head of his own accounting firm) he often earns as much as the president of the big and influential bank in his community, or the operating manager of a great railroad.

Some Examples

Small wonder that accountancy offers the trained man such fine opportunities — opportunities well illustrated by the success of thousands of LaSalle accountancy students.*

For example—one man was a plumber, 32 years old, with only an eleventh grade education. Today he is auditor for a large bank and his income is 325 per cent larger.

Another was a drug clerk at \$30 a week. Now he heads his own very successful accounting firm with an income many times as large.

A woman bookkeeper—buried in details of a small job—is now auditor of a great hotel, and her salary mounted in proportion to her work.

A credit manager—earning \$200 a

month—moved up quickly to \$3000, to \$5000, and then to a highly profitable accounting business of his own which nets him better than \$10,000 a year.

And What It Means to You

Why let the other fellow walk away with the better job, when right in your own home you can equip yourself for a splendid future in this profitable profession?

Are you really *determined* to get ahead? If so, you can start at once to acquire—by the LaSalle Problem Method—a thorough understanding of Higher Accountancy, master its fundamental principles, become expert in the practical application of those principles—this without losing an hour from work or a dollar of pay.

Your training will be under the direct supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., former comptroller and instructor, University of Illinois, member of the American Institute of Accountants, and a director of the National Association of Cost Accountants. He is assisted by a staff of legal, organization and management specialists, business efficiency engineers and Certified Public Accountants.

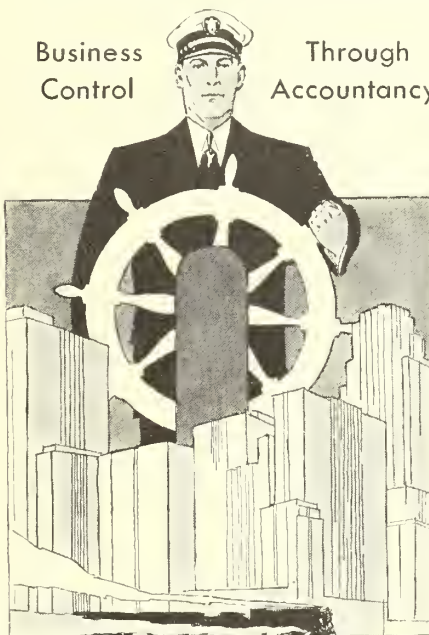
Preliminary knowledge of bookkeeping is unnecessary. You will be given whatever training, instruction or review on the subject of bookkeeping you may personally need—and without any extra expense to you. Our free book on the accountancy profession fully explains how we train you from the ground up, according to your individual needs, from the simplest bookkeeping principles to the most advanced accounting problems.

If you are dissatisfied with your present equipment—if you recognize the opportunities that lie ahead of you through home-study training—you will do well to send at once for full particulars. The coupon will bring them to you without obligation, also details of LaSalle's convenient payment plan.

Check, sign and mail the coupon NOW.

Business
Control

Through
Accountancy



LaSalle Extension University

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

DEPT. 6361-H CHICAGO

Opportunities in Accountancy—Check below and we will send you copy of "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," also copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ Higher Accountancy:

Other LaSalle Opportunities: If more interested in one of the other fields of business indicated below, check here:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Management |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Mgmt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Degree of LL.B. | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraphy |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accounting |

Name

Present Position

Address

*Names available on request.

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

JUNE, 1931



The AMERICAN LEGION *Monthly*

VOL. 10, No. 6



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Announcement

*Will Be Made
in the July Issue*

of a

**\$2000 Prize
Contest**

*Open to Every Reader
of*

**The AMERICAN LEGION
MONTHLY,**

*with a First Prize of \$500,
and thirty-five Additional
Awards ranging from \$25
to \$250*

THE STARS IN THE FLAG

ARIZONA: The 48th and last State, admitted to the Union Feb. 14, 1912. The Spanish first settled there in 1598. Mexico won it in its war of independence. The United States, Mar. 1, 1845, in annexing Texas, claimed the portion east of the Rio Grande, and by the peace treaty with Mexico in 1848 and also by the terms of the Gadsden Purchase, 1853, acquired the remainder. After Texas, Sept. 9, 1850, transferred her claim to the United States, it was included in New Mexico Territory. Congress organized Arizona Territory on Feb. 24, 1863. Arizona has 32,089 Indians on reservations, mostly Apaches, Navajos and Hopis. Population, 1870, 9,658; 1930 (U. S. Census), 435,573. Percentage of urban population (communities of 2500 and over), 1900, 15.9; 1910, 31.0; 1920, 35.2; area 113,956 sq. miles. Density of population (1920 U. S. Census), 2.9 per sq. mile; 1930, 3.8.



Rank among States 1920 (U. S. Census), 46th in population, 5th in area, 45th in density. Capital, Phoenix (1930 U. S. Census), 48,118. Three largest cities (1930 U. S. Census), Phoenix, Tucson, 32,506; Douglas, 9,828. Estimated wealth (1923 U. S. Census), \$1,314,291,000. The principal sources of wealth: smelted copper (1923 U. S. Census), \$95,945,565; mineral output (1925), \$114,202,670 including copper ore (the first state), gold, silver and lead; livestock (1922) valued at \$57,658,000. Arizona had 12,470 men and women in service during the World War. State motto adopted 1863, *Ditat Deus* (God Enriches). Origin of name: Two versions are given; first, it derives from the Aztec Indian language, *Arizonac* (ari, meaning small, and zonac, spring); second, that it comes from the Spanish for the dry belt—*Arida-Zona*. Nickname: Apache. Sunset.

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY is the official publication of The American Legion and The American Legion Auxiliary and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright, 1931, by The Legion Publishing Corporation. Published monthly at Indianapolis, Ind. Entered as second class matter January 5, 1925, at the Postoffice at Indianapolis, Ind., under the Act of March 3, 1879. General Manager, Robert F. Smith; Editor, John T. Winterich; Advertising Manager, B. L. Dombrowski; Business Manager, Richard E. Brann; Managing Editor, Philip Von Blon; Art Editor, William MacLean; Associate Editors, Alexander Gardiner and John J. Noll. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 5, 1925. Price, single copy 25 cents, yearly subscription in the United States and possessions of the United States \$1.50, in Canada \$2, in other countries \$2.50. In reporting change of address, be sure to include the old address as well as the new. Publication Office, 2457 East Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.; Eastern Advertising Office, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Western Advertising Office, 307 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

"Sure...I'll Tell You, Bill, How I Got this Government Job!"

"H A V E N ' T seen you for a long time, Bill. I travel around quite a bit now—in this government job.

"How did I get it? Well, I'll tell you, Bill. Right after we got back from France I got a job in a factory. It didn't 'pan out.' They got some kind of new machinery and a lot of us were let out. Boy, I was worried!

"But Uncle Sam has certainly fixed everything okay now. I got \$1,850 a year to start and I'm now earning \$2,700.

I'm All Through Worrying Now

"Until I got this Railway Mail Clerk job I was always worrying about money. Nowadays I never give a thought to lay-offs or slack times that have other fellows scared. Increases in pay come regularly when you're with the government. You don't have to do any boot-licking either. Everybody gets the same square deal.

"Every year, Bill, I get 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave with full pay. And we go on 44-hour week schedule July 1st. Mighty few fellows who are not in the government service get a break like that. Best of all, Bill, you don't have to keep worrying about the future all the time, wondering whether some day your going to be 'living on' your relatives and all that sort of thing. Your retirement pension takes care of you.

As An Ex-Service Man I Got Preference

"I suppose I'd be worrying myself sick right now, just as you are doing, if I hadn't happened to get hold of a booklet written by a fellow in Rochester named Arthur R. Patterson. Patterson was a Secretary Examiner of the Civil Service Commission for eight years. It was through the help he gave me that I got my government job so quickly. I didn't know a thing about it when I first wrote to him. I didn't even know that we ex-service men get preference!

"If you are 'shaky' about your job and wondering what's going to happen to you, I suggest, Bill, that you write to Arthur R. Patterson in Rochester right now. I forget the name of the booklet he'll send you, but it's good sound stuff.

"Well, so long, Bill, we pull out of here in a couple of minutes and I have to get going."

* * * *

The title of the booklet which this Railway Mail Clerk refers to is "How to Secure a Government Position." If you are a citizen, 18 to 50, this booklet will tell you how to get the government



job you want—and a lot of other interesting facts about jobs with the government.

Page 4, for example, tells what Uncle Sam pays. Page 10 tells all about the vacations. Page 12 explains how I prepare you quickly and how, if you don't get the job within a certain time after passing examinations, my help costs you nothing. Page 18 tells about

the automatic system of giving you yearly raises.

There is no obligation of any kind in sending for this booklet. My only suggestion is that you get ready NOW for the next Railway Postal Clerk examination! So mail this coupon at once—and get going toward something that stops you from worrying about "hard times" and losing your job. Mail this coupon today. Address A. R. Patterson, *Civil Service Expert*, PATTERSON SCHOOL, 636 Wisner Building, Rochester, N. Y.

PICK YOUR JOB--I'll Help You Get It!

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK

\$1850 to \$2700 a year
Opportunity for travel. 15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave with full pay. Paid all the time.

POST OFFICE CLERK

\$1700 to \$2100 a year
Special Clerks at \$2200 to \$2300

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Eligible to promotion to higher paid positions.

CITY MAIL CARRIER

\$1700 to \$2100 a year

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. Good chance for rapid promotion to lugger pay.

R. F. D. MAIL CARRIER

\$1800 to \$2300 a year

15 days' vacation and 10 days' sick leave every year with full pay. A fine position for men in rural districts.

INTERNAL REVENUE and CUSTOMS HOUSE POSITIONS

Extra Pay for Overtime
\$1100, \$1880 to \$3000 a year and up

POSTMASTER

\$1200 to \$2500 a year

This is a position of great importance.

DEPARTMENTAL CLERK

\$1440 to \$1620 a year and up to \$3000 a year
30 days' vacation and 30 days' sick leave with full pay. Work in Washington, or near home.



A. R. Patterson

FREE BOOK

A. R. Patterson,
Civil Service Expert
PATTERSON SCHOOL
636 Wisner Building,
Rochester, New York

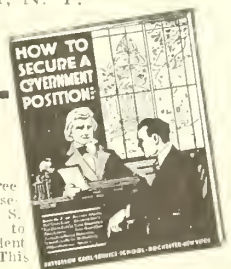
Please send me your big, free book and tell me how I can secure a position with the U. S. Government paying me \$1,850 to \$3,300 a year, with excellent chance for rapid advancement. This doesn't cost me a penny.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



America Acclaims the SUPERETTE — the smallest *big* radio ever built

Full-size, 8-tube Super-Heterodyne . . . with new RCA Super-Control Tubes . . . tone color control . . . exquisite small-size cabinet . . . only

COMPLETE
with Radiotrons
Ready to Operate

\$69⁵⁰

It's just the radio America wanted. Sales prove it.

Imagine it. A real big 8-tube radio condensed into a small cabinet that will fit *anywhere* . . . living room, dining room, bed room, porch, or office! It costs so little you can afford it as an *extra* set.

The new SUPERETTE is *more* than screen-grid . . . it's a Super-Heterodyne . . . the last word in radio! It *also* has the new Radiotron Super-Control tubes!

Back of the SUPERETTE are RCA's vast resources and the world's foremost group of radio engineers. Back of it are Victor's 30 years of experience in reproducing the voices of Caruso, Galli-Curci, McCormack and many other immortals of music.

Only a year ago, an RCA Super-Heterodyne

would have cost you more than *twice as much*. Now it's yours for only \$69.50 *complete*.

See and hear the SUPERETTE today. Any Radiola or Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate.



The Superette...An 8-tube Super-Heterodyne, two new Radiotron Super-Control Tubes, tone color control, improved volume control, push-pull amplification; Butt Walnut or Georgian Brown Mahogany cabinet. *Complete*, \$69.50

\$35—\$1,000 . . . no matter what you want to pay, RCA Victor has your instrument.



RCA Victor Radio

RCA Victor Company, Inc.

• A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary •

Camden, N. J.

*According to Young George Milner's
Financial Code a Debt Was Never*

OUTLAWED

By Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations by

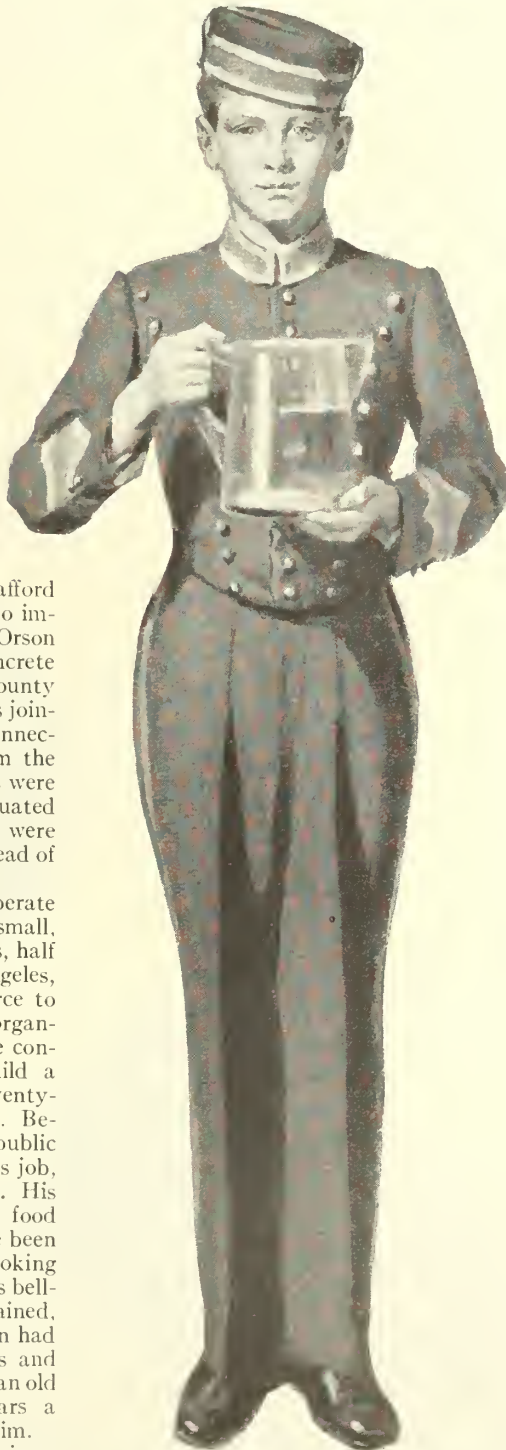
Ernest Baumann

AT FOURTEEN James Orson became a page, on the day shift, in a large San Francisco hotel. At eighteen he became a bell-hop; at twenty he went to an up-state hotel in a town of five thousand inhabitants and became night clerk. A year and a half of this and he journeyed to Los Angeles to accept a day clerkship in that growing city's best hotel; at twenty-five he was assistant manager. Then his father died and left him an insurance policy worth forty thousand dollars, and with this capital and his savings James Orson decided to go into the hotel business on his own.

Automobiles were still very expensive, but looking into the future Orson decided that eventually only the extremely poor would be unable to afford one. Already a movement was afoot to improve the highways. In his mind's eye Orson saw a vision of automobile-filled concrete state highways connecting every county seat in California, with concrete laterals joining the smaller towns. And in this connection he recalled that in traveling from the Mexican line to Oregon the best hotels were to be found only in those towns situated along the railroad—and these hotels were very bad, indeed, and but one jump ahead of the old-time country hotel.

So James Orson decided he would operate a hotel and call it an inn. He chose a small, rather pretty country town, Las Flores, half way between San Francisco and Los Angeles, induced the local chamber of commerce to donate a building lot to his enterprise, organized a corporation of which he was the controlling owner and proceeded to build a rambling, rustic, one-story inn with twenty-five rooms and a bath with every room. Because he was catering to the motoring public and motoring in those days was a man's job, he installed the best beds he could find. His dining room was spotlessly clean, his food prepared by a darkey who should have been decorated, and served by neat, good-looking waitresses. His prices were high and his bell-hops, two in number, were well-trained, snappy and snappily uniformed. Orson had a free garage, he kept his own books and clerked sixteen hours daily. After that an old man, who worked for twenty dollars a month, his board and room, relieved him.

When he was ready to open for business Orson spent five thousand dollars in a highway billboard advertising campaign, gave a



*At eighteen he became a bell-hop
in a large San Francisco hotel*

dinner to his stockholders and the chamber of commerce and, with less than five hundred dollars capital in hand to meet current bills and payroll, embarked upon his venture. Success was his from the start. That is, he managed to take in enough money to meet his payroll and pay something on account of his current bills and this sort of business continued three months. Then his creditors commenced to press him for the unpaid balances.

Orson knew that if he could survive six months the tide would turn and he would be on his way to a lucrative business, a fortune, doubtless. Meanwhile he had to stabilize his credit, and he was averse to selling any more stock in the corporation, since to do so he would have to part with some of his own holdings and thus lose control of the enterprise he had created. So he induced a man named George Milner to lend him five thousand dollars on his unsecured note at eight per cent, interest payable quarterly and if not paid when due, then to be added to the principal and bear like interest. The note was for three years, but payable sooner at the option of the signer.

George Milner was the local harness-maker and saddler and he was convinced that James Orson was a bright, capable, honest young man and that his enterprise was bound to be successful.

He was a good prophet. Orson's inn grew in popular favor and Orson paid the interest quarterly the day it fell due. When the note had still one year to run Orson paid it, much to George Milner's disgust, for the latter considered the risk a sound one and he did not know of any other risk as sound, or so close at hand it might be watched and which would bring him in eight per cent.

He was relieved, therefore, when two months later James Orson came to him and explained that one of his stockholders, who had gotten into deep water financially, was desirous of selling his stock in the inn. Orson was desirous of purchasing it but lacked sufficient private means to do so. Would George Milner loan him the five thousand dollars again at the same terms as previously.

George Milner would. He was glad to. He was a direct, simple, honest man with a trusting nature. James Orson showed him the latest profit and loss statement of the business. The opera-

tions showed a highly satisfactory monthly profit and the surplus was thirty-eight thousand dollars, with no liabilities other than current monthly bills. As yet the enterprise had paid no dividends, but the stockholders were content, since they realized that the undivided profits must be used to enlarge the inn in order to keep pace with the rapidly growing business.

The years passed. George Milner, always careless in business matters and with implicit confidence in James Orson (who had meanwhile developed into one of the town's leading citizens), and engrossed in his own business paid no attention to the due date of the note. Orson paid him his interest regularly. On the quarter day following the maturity of the note Orson explained to George Milner that he had contracted to buy quite a block of stock from some of his associates and was temporarily hard pressed financially to meet payments on it. Would George Milner mind if he permitted the interest to ride and compound? Nothing suited George Milner better, so the note continued to bear compound interest, which remained unpaid for three years. Nor was the note renewed. George Milner did not worry. He could see that Orson's Inn was doing a splendid business. Indeed, it had twice been necessary to spend fifty thousand dollars for an additional wing, additional garage space and new furnishings. And all the time the stock paid ten per cent. Yes, Orson was a sound risk.

Suddenly James Orson sold out his control of the inn and moved to Los Angeles. When a month passed and he had not paid his note to George Milner, the latter became worried and wrote Orson about it. His letter was ignored, so he took the matter up with an attorney, who informed him that his note was not now collectible in law. It had outlawed!

A detective agency located James Orson in St. Louis and an attorney, representing George Milner's California attorney, called upon him and pressed for payment. Orson said he was sorry, but he was not in a position to pay the note then and could not say when he would be.

He never paid it, and eventually George Milner, his faith in his fellowman considerably shattered, charged the note off to profit and loss. It was a hard blow, too, for his harness and saddlery business had slowly been dying. Farmers were replacing the cow men whose lands had become too valuable for grazing; hence the taxes forced them to retreat. And the farmers were buying less and less harness. Tractors were taking the place of mules and horses, motor trucks were displacing wagons.

In his forty-fifth year George Milner died and his business died with him. He left a widow and a son eight years old, and his widow taught school and raised George Milner, Junior, in that state of economic uncertainty frequently referred to as decent poverty.

YOUNG GEORGE graduated from the local high school and went to college, where he earned his way waiting on table, doing janitor work, peddling subscription books during vacation or picking hops. He was a clever boy and poverty had taught him a lesson. Very early in life he resolved that in his forty-fifth year he would not be a broken, penniless, disillusioned man as his father had been. He hadn't the slightest idea what he was going to do with his life, but he was resolved it should be something worth while and very remunerative.

He was good-looking, he had a natural poise and the voice of an orator—low, resonant, musical, penetrating. He had a flair for solemn comedy which he developed in college dramatics, in which he soon became an outstanding figure.

Coming events cast their shadows before. Three years in succession he was the star of

his college plays, and one of them he wrote. He was sane enough, however, to realize that a college success did not, necessarily, predicate the same success on the stage in after life; nevertheless the stage attracted him. So, when he graduated without a profession, he went straight to the stage manager of a stock theater in San Francisco and asked for a job; and when that cautious and thoroughly disillusioned individual asked him what he could do, George Milner laughed his gay, infectious laugh and answered: "Nothing! But I'd like to try to do something, if it's only carrying a spear."

"I have a stupid ass cast for a valet," the stage manager replied, half to himself. "He's a great deal of a nuisance. He has temperament—and an actor whose limit is playing a butler or a valet shouldn't have temperament."

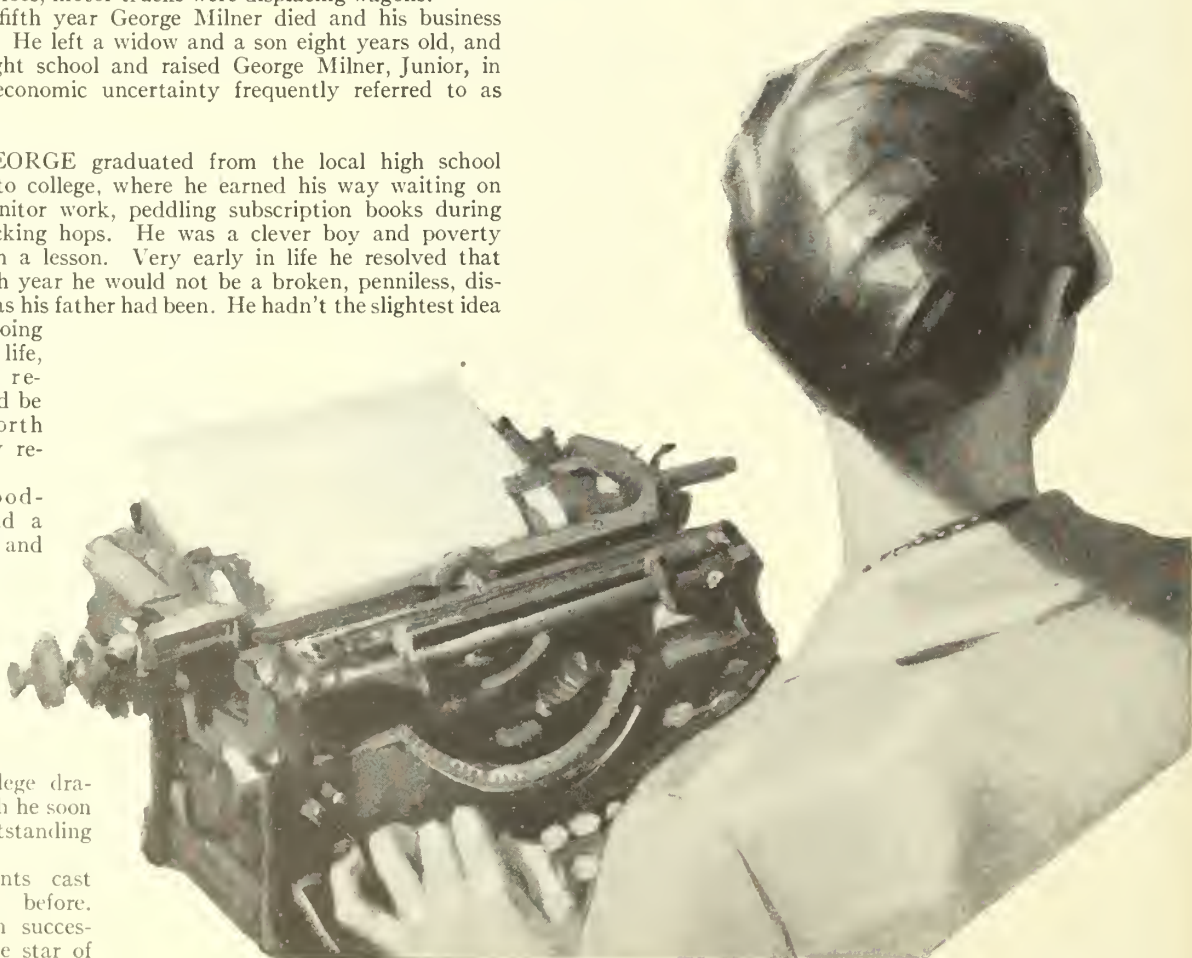
He reached into his desk and drew forth a piece of manuscript. "Here's the part, young man. When you know it come and see me again."

The following afternoon George Milner returned, stared solemnly at the stage manager and said nothing. The latter was equally reticent. He took George Milner back on the stage to rehearsal and at the conclusion of the act the young man was engaged, while the actor he had superseded was given the customary two weeks' notice.

George Milner's rise to fame as a comedy-drama star was meteoric. Briefly, he spent one year in stock in San Francisco, then another season on the road with a number two company playing a popular New York success. Then he played forty weeks in vaudeville in a twenty-minute, one-act play written by himself and scored a huge success. From vaudeville he went to play the lead in a three-act play of which he also was the author. The play was given its premiere in Los Angeles, a city from which many a New York success has emanated of late years.

The play was most successful. It ran twenty weeks in Los Angeles and in the meantime George Milner married. Also his mother quit teaching school. George's wife was a rising young actress, Shiela O'Sharon, who had played two successful seasons on Broadway and was no longer inconspicuous.

The Los Angeles impresario brought the play—it was entitled Room No. 9—to New York. And he brought with him the author and leading man, George Milner, and the latter's wife



"This is Mr. Orson, the owner of the hotel. If you will be sensible and depart peaceably I will refrain from overubelming you by force"



and leading lady, Shiela O'Sharon. In New York he engaged the best press-agent he could find and commenced immediately to blow his horn.

IN THE twenty years that had elapsed since James Orson left California he had done well. He had a genius for taking over, rehabilitating and refinancing small hotels; when he had one such cripple on its feet he took over another; when he had a chain of convalescents he sold them and started in all over again. Occasionally he dipped into the market, buying shrewdly, dealing only in high grade stocks that paid regular dividends, holding them for a nice profit, then selling them. When the post-war deflation period—that near panic of 1920-21—struck the country, Orson had just sold out his interest in a chain of hotels and had a fortune of something more than a million dollars. When the price of gilt-edged securities struck bottom James Orson invested his entire capital in them on margin and then sat back for the inevitable recovery. When it came he had two million dollars and promptly purchased the controlling interest in the St. Swithin, a huge, new, modern hotel in the heart of New York City, for he was primarily a hotel man and could find no real delight in any other enterprise.

TELEPHONE operator No. 22 on the switchboard of the St. Swithin saw a red light register a call from room 1105 and plugged in. "Numba?" she queried languidly. Then she stiffened.

"What I want to know—and I must have an answer here and now is: Do you intend to marry me?" It was a woman speaking, in a voice high, intense, strained with emotion.

"Numba, please?" No. 22 repeated discreetly.

"Schuyler 9881," the woman's voice answered.

Now, No. 22 had but recently, in company with her sisters of the hotel telephone exchange, listened to a brief speech from the new owner, James Orson. He had impressed upon them the vital necessity for fast, accurate and courteous service; he had explained to them that under his management the St. Swithin, always a high-class hotel, was destined to achieve even a greater reputation for high-class service and respectability. The St. Swithin, Mr. Orson explained, was catering to the very best people and, as his telephone operators very well knew, the repu-

tation of a hotel was no better than that of the class of guests it admitted. If operated in a loose, tolerant, indiscreet manner, it would soon achieve the un-

enviable reputation of being a hostelry where anything "went." People of unsavory morals would be quick to take advantage of that reputation . . . the customary rules governing social conduct in the very best hotels would be strictly enforced in the St. Swithin and to that end Mr. Orson had impressed upon the telephone operators that upon them, to a large extent, depended the maintenance of this high standard of respectability. They were experienced operators; there was no necessity for him to be obvious; they all knew the particular infraction of the house rules to which he referred. A gentleman registering at the St. Swithin and engaging a drawing room, bed room and bath, might, with perfect propriety, entertain ladies in his suite. If, on the other hand, a gentleman engaged a single room only—well, that was different. Mr. Orson begged his operators to be on the lookout for such scalawags; women telephoning from such rooms often supplied a hint of the situation, in which event the house detective was to be communicated with immediately. It was not to be expected that the floor clerk could discover anything. People were adroit in evading surveillance . . . no rough parties permitted . . . Eighteenth Amendment must be respected and all employees were expected to co-operate with the management, etc., etc. As a further incentive to his telephone operators to be vigilant Mr. Orson stated that a reward of five dollars would be given any operator if a tip, furnished by her, resulted in the discovery and ejection of a guest or guests manifestly undesirable.

No. 22 had, in that hysterical demand from the woman in Room 1105, gleaned a hint, to the effect that the lady in question was not the wife of the gentleman in the same room. Metaphorically speaking, No. 22's hackles instantly commenced



She felt of her sore shoulder, looking on apprehensively as the two men battled

to rise; she remembered the new manager's earnest exhortation to help him keep the St. Swithin pure, nor did she forget that, provided she acted with discretion, five dollars might presently roll her way. Therefore, instead of trying to ring Schuyler 9881 she consulted the guest list and discovered, to her signal satisfaction, that room 1105 was (presumably) occupied by one G. A. Milner and wife, of New York City.

"Dirty work at the cross-roads," murmured No. 22, and

telephoned immediately to the house detective, Mr. Joe Brannigan. While awaiting the latter's arrival she called room 1105 and reported sweetly that Schuyler 9881 was busy, but that she would try again presently. While conveying this information to the lady at the receiver she heard a rasping male voice say, very faintly:

"Now that you've ruined me financially—"

"Oh, shut up," the woman replied acidly. "Thank you, operator."

"Well, what a fine pair of boobs those two are," No. 22 murmured. "They must be drunk or something. I wonder what kinda hotel they think the St. Swithin is?"

Mr. Brannigan arrived. No. 22 beckoned him. "There's a man and woman registered in 1105," she confided. "G. W. Milner and wife, New York City. From some conversation I just got a snatch of over the room 'phone I suspect she isn't his wife."

"A pair of cut-ups, eh?" Mr. Brannigan murmured with profound satisfaction. "Thanks. Here's where I sneak up to 1105 and do some listening at the keyhole."

Long practice had made Mr. Brannigan an expert listener at keyholes. Upon arriving on velvet feet before 1105 he discovered, to his additional satisfaction, that the transom was opened about an inch, thus, in the language of the classic, enabling him to get an earful. The woman was the first to speak.

"I tell you I am afraid. I am going to leave before something happens. This is sheer madness—I don't know why I listened to you. I should have known better than to meet you here and risk a scandal."

"Pooh, pooh," a deep, musical, resonant male voice answered. "You're suffering from nerves. Sit down, take a highball and forget it. You're unstrung. Nobody is suspicious, I assure you."

"I'll not remain with you. I'm going to call up my sister and go out to her apartment. I can't tell you why I feel about this situation as I do, but—I do feel that way. I have a presentiment your wife is having us shadowed."

"Oh, nonsense, Gertie, nonsense."

"I shall not listen to you. I have a woman's intuition and I shall not remain another minute in this room. I'm going, darling. Kiss me good-bye now and please, please, do not attempt to see me again."

There is a homely adage to the effect that a wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse. Mr. Brannigan was warned. He could not afford to be caught eavesdropping outside the door. He was a trained house detective, of long experience, and while he itched to hammer at the door of room 1105, boldly charge its occupants with besmirching the fair name of the St. Swithin and order them out instant, he was aware that prior to such forceful procedure he must be absolutely certain of his facts; he must have a corroborating witness, preferably two. People ejected from hotels had a habit of suing the hotel if they thought the latter's case was weak. People who had no regard for their reputations would sue for the mere nuisance value of the suit, hoping the hotel company would settle for a nominal sum rather than have any publicity about it. There were shyster lawyers who made a practise of fostering such suits. New York was filled with them.

Mr. Brannigan, therefore, prepared to flee for reinforcements, but the man's voice, entreating, gave him pause. "Stay just five minutes more," he pleaded. "Give me just five minutes more to outline my future plans. I know they will appeal to you as sensible. Please do, Gertie."

The lady's voice was not quite so harsh as she replied: "Very well, then. Five minutes."

"How good God is," Mr. Brannigan reflected. "Five minutes' grace! Then he'll beg five minutes more, or they'll get so deep into their argument they'll forget all about time. And time is what I require in order to corroborate my testimony in case there's a flare-back after I give 'em the raus."

He hurried down the hall and up another hall to the floor clerk's desk, where he telephoned down stairs to James Orson's private office. Briefly he explained the situation to the boss, whom he begged to come up to the eleventh floor at once and bring with him a couple of stout bell-hops and a stenographer. Mr. Orson grunted his satisfaction and said he would be up at once.

He was as good as his word. With his reserve of bell-hops and his stenographer he followed Mr. Brannigan to the door of No. 1105, where the quintet cocked their heads to one side in a listening attitude. For five minutes the storm of argument, charge and counter-charge, charges of indiscretions and flaunting

of conventions, floated to them through the transom, while the stenographer, using Mr. Brannigan's broad bent back for a desk, took down every word in shorthand.

"Well, my dear," the woman's cool voice came to them presently, "you've argued well but you have failed to convince me. I'm going now. Please."

There was the sound of the key turning in the lock. "You'll not go until you've given me one more chance to explain," the man declared.

James Orson straightened up. "That will do, Brannigan," he whispered. "We've heard enough to prove our case. Throw them out, and I don't care how rough you make it. The rougher the better. They'll argue the matter, of course, but then they always do—injured innocence. Tell 'em to shut up and get out. If they don't pack their bags, have the boys here pack them and carry them down-stairs. Then you throw them out. Use force if you must—and if you must use force, make a good job of it."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Brannigan respectfully, and waited until James Orson and the stenographer had disappeared from the hall. Then he beat upon the door of room 1105 three hearty, measured thumps—ominous thumps, indeed.

Absolute silence descended upon room 1105. Mr. Brannigan waited ten seconds and then commanded harshly:

"Open the door—and be quick about it."

The man's voice demanded: "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am the house detective," Mr. Brannigan roared triumphantly, "and I want you two to pack your duds and get out of here before you're thrown out. See?"

The door was unlocked and opened. George Milner stood in the entrance. "What is the meaning of this high-handed procedure?" he demanded sternly.

Mr. Brannigan, accustomed as he was to monumental bluffs, was impressed by the look of self-conscious rectitude upon the guest's face. He was lost in admiration of it. He turned his cold glance upon the woman. She was wearing a negligee, and from where she stood by an open window she gazed upon the house detective with withering contempt, amazement and anger.

"She carries it off even better than the man," thought Mr. Brannigan. He replied to George Milner's blunt query:

"You registered here as G. W. Milner and wife, of New York City."

"Quite true."

"The lady," said Mr. Brannigan, with fine irony and an attempt at excessive politeness, "has, perhaps, a certificate of marriage to prove she is your wife?"

"I certainly have," said the lady coolly.

Mr. Brannigan smiled upon her, almost paternally. He was a good sport and could admire courage and audacity under any circumstances. "Let's see it," he suggested.

"How ridiculous. One does not carry one's marriage certificate around with one."

Mr. Brannigan made significant gestures with his fat right thumb, over his shoulder and in the direction of the door. "Heraus mit 'em!" he said genially. "This sort o' thing don't go in the St. Swithin. A-r-r-h, cut it out, cut it out. The old stuff don't go here, mister. On your way, on your way."

"I refuse to be thrown out of this hotel in this high-handed and illegal manner," George Milner announced calmly.

"Better go peaceable," Mr. Brannigan suggested, patient to the last. "The more row you make the more people on this floor will know what you been up to—and the more that knows how we handle such cases the better the management likes it. It's a good ad for us. Pack up now, brother, an' beat it while the beatin's good."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said George Milner firmly.

Mr. Brannigan had done his best to be decent. He nodded now to the two bell-hops and pounced upon George Milner, who promptly struggled to remain in the room. Like most hotel detectives, Mr. Brannigan was far from being a weakling; he had a few wrestling tricks up his sleeve and, if driven to it, could knock a guest down with one slap of his hamlike right hand. To his disgust he discovered that this obstreperous guest was worthy of his steel; he found himself dragged into the room, thrust forcibly up against the wall and held there.

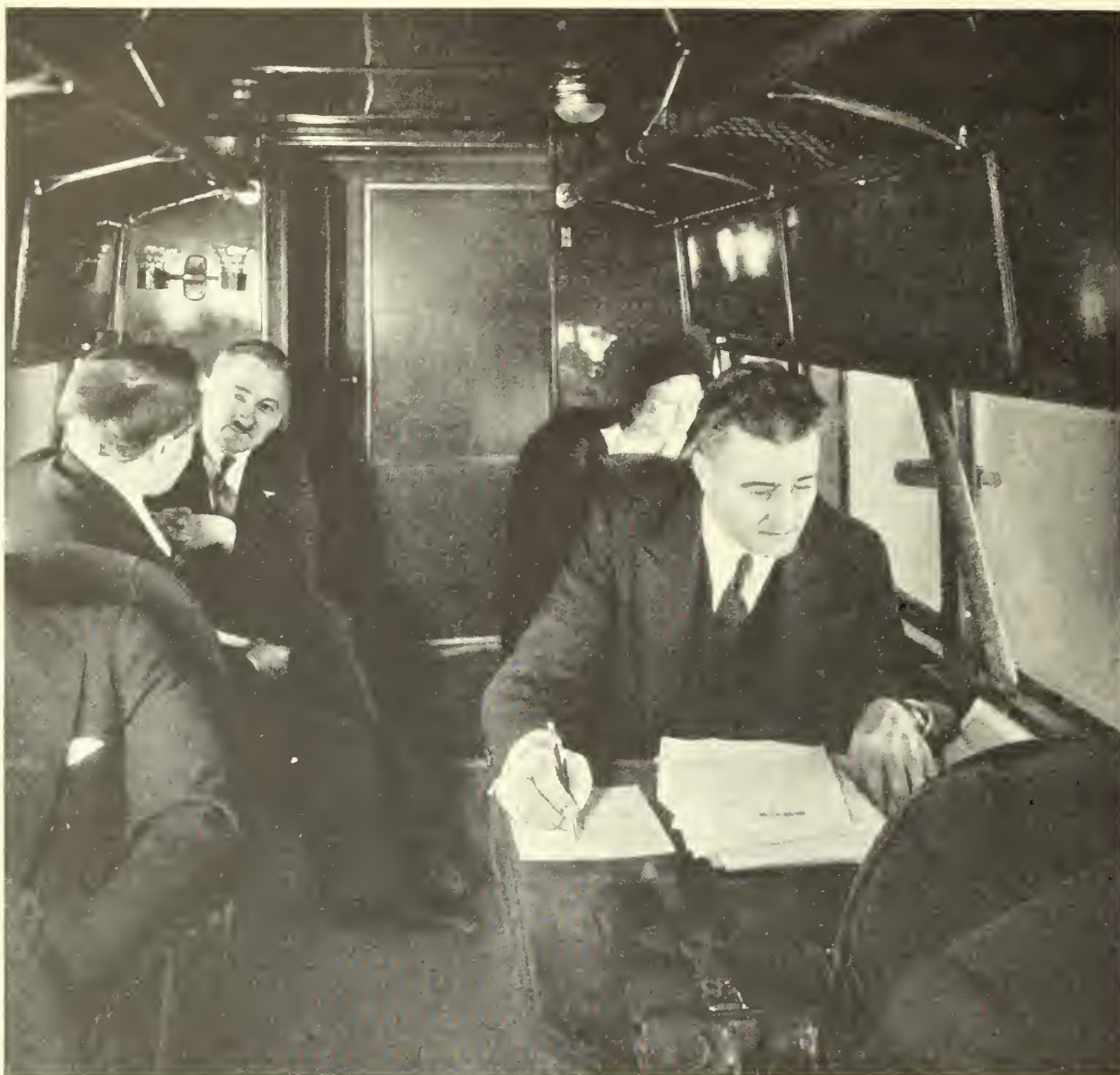
Naturally he lifted his knee and drove it into George Milner's mid-riff. This forced George Milner to release his hold, whereupon Mr. Brannigan evidenced his resentment of the cavalier treatment accorded him by slapping the face of the obnoxious guest. Instantly he found himself on the floor without quite



The house detective lashed out with both mighty fists . . . his nose felt suddenly very numb, then he found himself on the carpet again

realizing how he had gotten there. He struggled to his feet through a haze and lashed out with both mighty fists . . . his nose felt suddenly very numb, then the light went out of one eye, a building fell against his jaw and he found himself on the carpet again.

"Tackle him," he cried feebly to the two bell-hops, but these worthies, being discreet, retreated warily down the hall as George Milner advanced upon them. (Continued on page 42)



TWO MILES HIGH *and a* GOOD RISK

By William B. Smith, M.D.

HOW would you like to travel on something four hundred times more hazardous than a railway?" This question was asked me the other day by a man of aeronautical experience, a man prominent in the underwriting group handling all kinds of insurance except life insurance. Air travel, he told me, was four hundred times more hazardous than railway travel. I assured him that I could agree only if the air traveling were done on a barn door. For his calculations do not tally with the opinion of the Actuarial Society of America.

The Actuarial Society, you know, is a group gifted with the

ability to consider facts as facts and then to arrive at a figure that can be twisted into a shape best resembling a pretzel. These fellows have made a detailed study of available figures, and their last pretzel had it that air transportation is two hundred times more hazardous than rail transportation. Anyway, my friend was wrong by one hundred percent. But a travel risk even two hundred times greater than that which one assumes behind a locomotive is more than I would accept. And since I travel frequently, by choice and preference, in airplanes, perhaps I should explain certain fallacies to any comparison between rail and air transportation.

INSURANCE IS COMING TO REGARD THE HABITUAL TRAVELER ON RECOGNIZED AIR LINES AS A SAFE BET

Comparisons not only are frequently odious, but they are as frequently erroneous. I have not been able to determine mathematically just why the frequent comparison between air and railway travel is erroneous, but that is my conclusion, just the same.

Perhaps the difficulty lies in the larger variety offered by aeronautics. Air travel is entirely new; it presents its own new shortcomings.

Occupying a third dimension, moving far more rapidly than any other means of locomotion, the airplane offers no valid comparison with anything. Nobody can say how many more times hazardous it is than travel by railway, steamship or motor car. If we must compare air travel to something, then I believe its best resemblance would be to marine transportation.

The railway and the automobile operate on well defined highways from which they never—well, almost never—depart. They are familiar to everybody. But millions of Americans have never been in the air or on deep water.

In many ways there are close resemblances between the air industry and the marine industry. These resemblances even go into military design. The Navy has ships for offense and defense, for speedy maneuvering ability, for smashing attack; so has the Navy air service; so has the Army air service. It is not difficult to make a commercial comparison between the great Zeppelins which soon will be making regular transoceanic crossings and the giant surface liners maintaining regular schedules today.

One comparison between these two industries is especially striking—the use of powerless craft. The sailboat is entirely dependent upon the elements and upon human skill. The air glider depends upon the same factors. Then again, on water and in the air we find our ships carrying life-preservers; buoys aboard steamships, parachutes aboard airplanes.

If we *must* compare air travel to something, let us make the comparison with water travel. Whereupon we find comparative figures just as elusive, if not as unavailable, as before. The actuarial statistics accept water-transport as a universal risk. But it is virtually impossible to discover how many people ride on the water, or how often.

If we could include among the risks of water transportation all those who go forth to rock boats, the result doubtless would offer a poor comparison with the record of the railroads. Aviation is unfortunate because its records are more easily available. And these records include the casualties among those who rock boats, and their victims.

All this has a very direct bearing on life insurance.

Probably so many lives will never be concerned with flying as are today concerned with the automobile and railway. Aside from the traveling public, the number of participating individuals will be limited. Of these participants, the hazards will remain largely with the operators. This group will be restricted by three factors: physical impairment, the cost of learning to fly, the cost of flying and maintaining aircraft. It is a common prediction, I know, that we shall have cheap planes, costing a minimum for operation and maintenance. This may be true, but even the participation of some of our greatest industrialists has failed to make aviation a poor man's sport, although the industry is a generation old.

To arrive at fair actuarial statistics on aviation, we must consider mortality experience in its various phases. It is absurd to credit the experience of sporting and experimental aviation

alongside commercial aviation. Today, good conservative life insurance companies will not accept applicants for insurance who are engaged in sporting or experimental aviation. But they are beginning to recognize that there is little or no risk to the policy-holder who is an habitual or potential traveler by air from one place to another—the man who takes an airplane in the same spirit in which he would take the Twentieth Century or the Broadway Limited.

Other people who fly fall into different classifications. So, for that matter, do automobile racers, but ordinary motorists are not penalized because mortality on the great speed tracks is high. Because the driver of a speed boat is occasionally drowned, because an ancient schooner or a cockleshell catboat occasionally is lost at sea, insurance is not justified in penalizing the men and women who cross the Atlantic on the *Leviathan*.

The phrase, "four hundred times more hazardous than the railway," just is not illuminating. There is more comfort in the figures of the United States Department of Commerce, showing that there was one fatality for every 1,400,000 miles of flying over scheduled air lines last year. Boiled down to digestible figures, this means that you can expect to travel 40,000 miles a year for 35 years over established air lines before you will meet your end in the air.

Of course these figures apply only to transport in regulated, supervised, frequently inspected planes. The United States Government and most of the States exercise constant watchfulness to protect planes, pilots and passengers. Such regulation is exactly parallel to that exercised by the United States Steamboat Inspection Service. In spite of the constant increase in their number and their mileage, the fifty established, scheduled interstate air lines are perennially watched. The Department of Commerce enforces rules to promote a maximum of safety. The air industry obeys these rules.

When you go aboard a ship owned by the United States Lines or by Robert Dollar, you simply do not consider the possibility of a tragic voyage. It would be almost equally a sign of timidity to betray fear in boarding one of the nation's second longest air mail, express and passenger company's planes. This company has completed 11,000,000 miles of flight in three and a half years with one pilot fatality and the loss of three passengers. The average passenger would fly 2,750,000 miles with this company before losing his life. You would inevitably die if you rode that far on a railroad train—a natural death, most probably, but you'd be just as dead. One air line in this country has covered more than 1,250,000 miles, carrying 122,000 passengers, not one of whom has ever been injured.

If you insist that comparison of air mileage with other forms of transport is unfair, owing to the greater speed of airplanes, it may interest you to learn of a regular air line which is just six and one-half miles long. Flying across San Francisco Bay, this line carried 46,000 paid passengers between February 1 and June 7, 1930. It was no fly-by-night, hop-for-a-dollar line, either. A questionnaire showed that 81 percent of its passengers were flying to save time. None of them ever was killed. In one day this line carried 974 passengers. It carries a daily average of 254. That necessitates dozens of daily trips, yet the company's record is as good as that of the competing ferryboats.

During June, 1930, the twenty-nine major American air lines flew 2,230,762 miles. During the first six months of the same year, including the same month, the same companies flew a distance equal to 430 (Continued on page 47)



Dr. Smith is Assistant Medical Director of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company and Chief Flight Surgeon of the Connecticut State Department of Aeronautics. Eight years ago he began his active interest in flying when he was made flight surgeon of the 43d Division, Aviation, Connecticut National Guard. Since the organization of the State's aeronautics department four years ago he has served as a member of the Aviation Commission, and took an active part in the revision of the Connecticut aviation law. He enlisted in May, 1917, with Base Hospital No. 10, and saw service with the British at Le Tréport, France

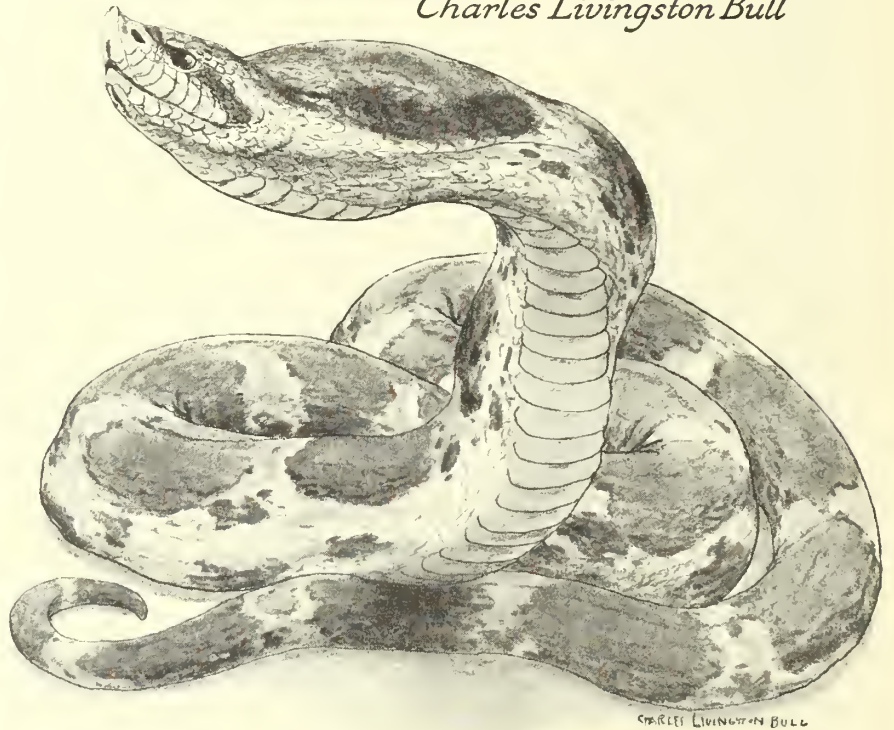
SUFFERING SNAKES

By Alexander Sprunt, Jr.

Illustrations by

Charles Livingston Bull

THE hognose," says Mr. Bull, "is the greatest bluffer I know among snakes. When you come upon him he throws himself into the position I have depicted and strikes at you over and over but—he never opens his mouth. He puffs himself up and tries to spread out the neck in a kind of imitation of the cobra, and certainly looks dangerous squirming and writhing and striking, but, curiously enough, his writhings carry him nearer and nearer some clump of bushes or cover at one side. Sometimes the tip of his tail, if he goes over dead leaves or through dry grass, will vibrate very rapidly, making a sound against the leaves or grass like a weak imitation of a rattlesnake's rattle. He will make no sign of life no matter how you shove him around, unless you turn him right side up, when he will immediately flop back again and appear as dead as before. If you turn away and leave him he will lie quiet for a few minutes, and then, if nothing happens, he's off as fast as his thick, rather clumsy body will carry him."



THERE are divisions of the animal kingdom which strongly attract mankind, there are others which elicit only indifference, and there are still others toward which the most decided aversion and even fear is manifested. At the top of this last classification stand the Reptiles, particularly the snakes.

Snakes! The very word seems to cause a shrinking, a repulsion which appears all but universal. Instead of admiration and interest, they bring forth disgust and condemnation in spite of the fact that, without them, mankind would find life on this earth a very different problem from the one it faces. Conservation is finding adherents today by the thousands; the movement to protect and conserve wild life is growing by leaps and bounds; it is fostered by the Federal Government and the States; it enrolls armies of school children and sportsmen as well as numerous citizens in every walk of life. The readiness to protect birds is country-wide, the willingness to conserve what is left of the forests and their dwellers is steadily increasing. But snakes! Brrrr!

Few people can see any good in snakes. Yet if all the snakes of this country were eliminated at a stroke, agriculture would be in a sorry plight. Sportsmen, as well as farmers and consumers, would suffer, for there would be a serious lack of game as well. Snakes are essential in the balance of nature.

There are those who account for the deep-seated prejudice against them by saying that it is an implanted, instinctive aversion which dates back to the Garden of Eden. This is a sweeping throwback, certainly. It is held that the Serpent, in beguiling Eve, brought eternal trouble and misery; that the form taken by the

arch tempter at that time is inseparably connected with man's aversion to reptilian life today. This may or may not be a reason. A close reading of the Biblical account of the fall of man must bring one to the conclusion that the appearance of serpents was definitely altered after that deplorable occasion. A part of the curse pronounced upon the Serpent by the Creator was: "Because thou hast done this thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life." The inference surely follows that, prior to that time, serpents were provided with a different form of locomotion from that of crawling on their bellies. Just what form this may have been is problematical, but the vestigial remains of limbs which are found on certain snakes today go far toward substantiating this former state of appearance.

If the theory outlined above is the correct one, then such a prejudice is indeed difficult to overcome. Even so, there is wide interest in snakes today, as there always has been. Where is the person who will not go to some trouble to see an extra large rattlesnake brought in from the wilds and exhibited? Where is the individual who, given the opportunity, will not gaze fascinated at a gigantic boa, python or anaconda? The reptile houses in our zoos are not avoided by visitors. On every occasion the writer has visited them, trouble was experienced in getting decent views of the cases because of the crowds of people. Aversion may operate, even fear, but there is an overpowering lure in these exhibits which is just as strong as the prejudice against them. It is a queer situation.

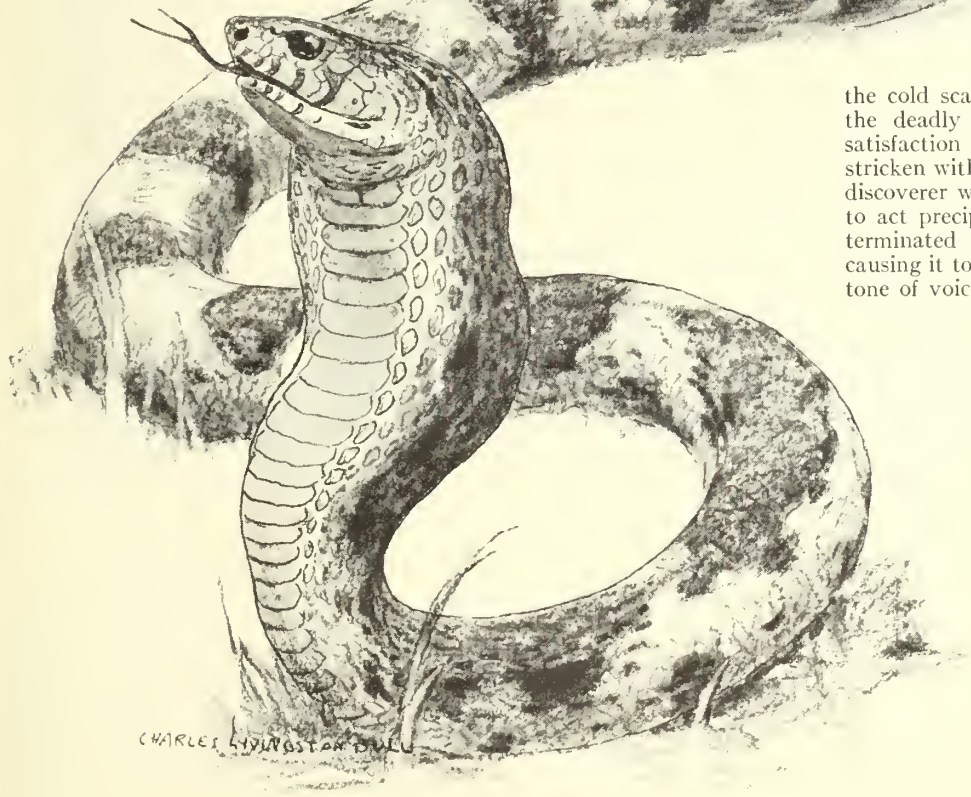
It is a strange though indisputable fact that most people seem

to think that all snakes harbor a vindictive animosity toward all human beings; that they spend their time lying in wait for anyone upon whom they may vent this spite and that unprovoked attacks by them are common. Nothing could be further from the truth. Like all wild creatures, snakes invariably seek to avoid contact with man, and far from advertising their own presence they seek to conceal it ninety-nine times out of a hundred. If the truth were known, there are hundreds of people who have been, time and again, in the closest proximity to snakes while in the woods and fields and never knew it. The writer well remembers an instance when, while investigating a tract of land in search of marsh wren nests, his wife stepped across a cotton-mouth moccasin and came to a stop directly over the serpent, only inches from its body. Without giving the reason, the writer asked her to retreat a few steps at once and she did so, but the snake never so much as moved during the entire time, although one of the sort notoriously irritable, nervous and deadly.

Contrary to the theory of "instinctive fear" of snakes is the attitude of children toward them. Instead of showing a natural repulsion they rather exhibit interest, and an inclination to regard serpents as a new kind of animated toy. At the museum with which the writer is associated a live snake collection is maintained, and its most enthusiastic visitors are children. They seem to have little or any fear of the reptiles, pressing their faces close against the plate-glass fronts of the cases only a few inches from the occupants. As an experiment one day, the writer removed a young boa, about two feet long, from its box and held it toward his two-year-old son. Showing no fear whatever of it, the youngster merely looked at it for a few moments at close range, then turned toward something else.

Some years ago a remarkable incident took place in the Carolina low country which is the most striking example of children's association with snakes of which the writer has knowledge. In a family living in a rural district was a little girl who was totally blind. Of a cheerful, happy disposition, despite her terrible handicap, she was regarded by her parents with a devotion easy

THE bull-snake, in spite of being the largest snake in eastern North America, reaching a length of nine feet occasionally, is also a bluffer. When cornered or attacked, it puffs out the neck and forward part of the body and makes a terrifying sound. It is, however, absolutely harmless to anything larger than a rat or possibly a rabbit, and is truly of great value to the farmer as a destroyer of rodents, its slender body easily penetrating rat holes and gopher burrows."



the cold scales with very evident pleasure, while the deadly reptile seemingly derived as much satisfaction from it as the child. Though he was stricken with horror at the sight, the action of the discoverer was commendable. Stifling an impulse to act precipitately, which would doubtless have terminated fatally by exciting the snake and causing it to strike, he asked the child in a normal tone of voice to move toward him. Obeying the command at once, she left the dangerous spot without harm. It is difficult, if not impossible, to explain such action on the part of the snake. That the child was utterly ignorant of the danger goes without saying; it was simply that she had discovered something new to play with and took a course soothing to the snake, whose presence had evidently been detected by the abnormally keen perception of the blind child. Certainly the reptile must have realized the utter lack of any hostile intent and so remained passive under the touch of hands which, under other conditions, must have angered it instantly.

Fear of reptiles seems, then, to a considerable degree at any rate, to be an imparted one. Children

are ever ready to follow the actions and inclinations of their elders and the exhibition of fear on the part of an adult in the presence of a child leaves an indelible impression. So, if the aversion to snakes is not drilled into children, (Continued on page 45)

WHAT MAKES A GOOD BANK ?

By General Samuel McRoberts

THE time to lock the barn is before the horse is gone and the time to get acquainted with your banker is before you are in financial difficulties. Then the chances are that the difficulties may be minimized if not avoided.

Whether you give him your confidence or not, your banker remains a silent partner in your business. If you work for wages or salary he has a stake in your job just as your wife and children have. Your banker can carry his end of the partnership better with some light to work by; and by the same token you can conduct your business along sounder lines or enjoy more security in your job. The more a banker knows of his clients' affairs the better banker he should become. And a good banker is a fine thing for the industrial and economic structure of any community, with all that this means to the individual prosperity and happiness of those who live in it.

The responsible officers of the bank in which you are a depositor are aware of this relationship. They are sizing you up all the time. It is one of the subconscious operations of a banker's mind, against the day when you may come to him for a loan, for information or counsel on investments or any form of the varied accommodation that makes a bank indispensable to our society. You can simplify the banker's task by meeting him half way. If you trust him with your money you should trust him with some knowledge of the affairs and expectations upon which you base your financial plans for the future.

A banker appraises you carefully before he loans you any of the money other depositors have placed in his charge. It is your privilege and duty to appraise a banker just as carefully before you leave your savings with him.

Do you know how to do this? Do you know what makes a good bank or a good banker? Do you know how to read a bank statement? Do you know how to go back of the figures on the face of the statement for the additional facts vital to a proper judgment of the bank's condition? If you do you belong to a select minority of depositors.

The first item in any appraisal of a bank is the human item—the character, record and integrity of its executive officers. Character, as well as assets, is the basis of credit, and every depositor is a creditor of his bank. Your bank will loan one man five thousand dollars as quickly as it will loan another, with equal assets, five hundred. Character makes the difference. You have a perfect right to be just as discriminating as bank officials. Their private lives and general reputation and standing as citizens should be an expression of the qualities of fair-dealing, soundness and conservatism which you should expect to govern the administration of the funds of the institution whose policies they direct.

Then comes the question of fitness. A banker must have ability. He must understand more than the mere machinery for running a bank. He must know the business of his community. In a farming country, for example, a banker should be a pretty good white-collar farmer. He need not have the practical knowledge of the man who follows the plow, but in the field of markets



GENERAL McRoberts has had a wide banking experience. He was treasurer of Armour & Co. of Chicago when he was chosen a vice president of the National City Bank of New York in 1909. From 1919 to 1925 he was President of the Metropolitan Trust Company, and is now chairman of the board of directors of the Chatham Phenix National Bank & Trust Co. and a director of a number of corporations. During the war he became chief of the procurement division of the Ordnance Department at Washington with the rank of colonel, and was made a brigadier general and sent to France in August, 1918.

he should naturally know much more than the dirt farmer who comes to him for advice. The prosperity of farmer, merchant or wage-earner is governed by factors that lie beyond his immediate threshold. These remote factors are in a constant state of change. They forecast the trends of business, the pitfalls and possibilities that are ahead. A banker cannot loan money alone on the showing of current statistics. He must look ahead, and by his foresight or lack of it his banking house and its clients prosper or suffer.

The record of any bank over a period of years reflects the wisdom of a banker's foresight, or the lack of it. A bank properly administered makes a profit. It is a good plan to ascertain whether a bank has paid dividends continuously, and also what portion of its earnings have been paid out in dividends and what credited to surplus. A safe guide is that not more than seventy percent of earnings should be distributed, the balance being credited to surplus.

If a bank does not make money, either there is something wrong with its management or there is no place in the community for that bank. Banks that are a part of the economic blood and sinew of a countryside, and are properly conducted, make money and rarely fail or suspend. The truth of this statement may be verified by an examination of the causes of bank failures during the current depression. The greatest single reason for such failures has been because the banks in question were superfluous. They should not have been established in the first place. Their elimination has been merely a part of the natural working of economic laws. They were the creatures of an unusual prosperity. Their foundations did not go down to the

bed rock of normal conditions. When business subsided, not to normal, but far below it, they were left high and dry by causes as easy to understand as gravity. A steady, even if small, growth in the earnings of a bank over a term of years that includes the lean with the fat is the best indication that a bank has a real reason for being.

So much for a bank's personnel and record. Now let us consider its present condition, as reflected by its statement.

The principal divisions of a bank statement are capital, investments and deposits. The capital stock, meaning money paid in by stockholders in exchange for shares; the surplus, meaning capital in addition to the par value of the stock; and undivided profits, meaning earnings not yet allocated to surplus or dividends—these items form the cushion of safety for depositors. In most States and under the federal banking act stockholders are liable for one-hundred percent of their holdings to make good the liabilities of the bank. If a man has bought one thousand dollars' worth of stock he is liable for a thousand dollars.

Loans and discounts represent money advanced to clients, against which the bank holds the clients' paper. To be perfectly clear I will define a discount by example. Assume that a person buys a farm tractor or a sewing machine, making a down payment and giving the dealer his three months' note for the balance.



"If a bank does not make money, either there is something wrong with its management or there is no place in the community for that bank. Banks that are a part of the economic blood and sinew of a countryside, and are properly conducted, make money and rarely fail or suspend."

The dealer endorses this note to the bank which gives him the cash for it. Both the dealer and his customer are liable to the bank.

A rediscount is the operation of a bank raising money on such discounted notes by putting them up as collateral for loans from other banks.

Investments indicate a bank's holdings in bonds and real estate.

Deposits are money left with the bank by clients. They are payable on demand and represent a quick liability. Of course, no bank could repay *all* depositors on the spot, just as no life insurance company could liquidate immediately if all its policy holders should die on the same day.

So much for a short description of the principal items in a bank statement. It is the relation that these items bear to each other, and an analysis of certain of them, that indicate the true con-

dition of a bank. Here are a few of the things you should look for:

Capital, surplus and profits should equal at least twenty percent of deposits. While it would not be correct in all cases to assume that if the figure runs under twenty percent it is an indication of unsound banking, twenty percent is a safe guide.

Loans and discounts should be as diversified as the business of the community. They should represent a cross section of its business life. Where this is diversified all loans can safely be made locally. Where the business life of a section is pretty much of one character—mining, agriculture, manufacturing or what not—local loans and discounts should not exceed seventy percent of the total. The remaining thirty percent should be in liquid outside loans or in bonds. A bank's loans on real estate should in no case exceed thirty percent of its total loans. The amount of a bank's rediscounts or borrowings from other (Continued on page 63)

TOWARD *the* PERFECT DIET

By Dr. E. V. McCollum,

Professor of Biochemistry, Johns Hopkins University

As told to Alexander Gardiner

W E HUMAN beings owe a great debt of gratitude to the rat, the guinea pig and other animals of rapid reproduction upon which experimental studies are made in the laboratory. Putting it in its simplest form, these animals die that we may live, and live more abundantly. The experimental inoculation of animals to determine the best methods of curbing disease is a familiar fact to almost everybody, but probably not many persons realize that in every civilized country scientists in search of the elements of the perfect diet for humans also use these animals. The cages containing them are the proving ground of dietary practice, and the experimental studies to which they are subjected, with such observations as can be made on human beings, form the basis of a large measure of our progress.

Our knowledge in this field of nutrition is apparently nearing completion, and we may look forward with confidence to the day when human children will have a much better chance of surviving than they do today, and when old age in the sense of a breaking down of physical functions may be indefinitely postponed. The past eleven years have shown an amazing progress and though the race will probably never be content to rest on its oars and regard the subject as closed, it is quite possible that a dozen or so years hence we shall know all that we need to know about the human dietary.

From the data now available we may say with some assurance that the simplest diet which would furnish everything necessary for normal nutrition must contain appropriate proportions of thirty-six chemical substances. But don't be alarmed. Actually, we eat daily many times this number in our ordinary foods of animal and vegetable origin. We know to what extent each of our important natural foods—cereal grains, tubers, fruits, roots, leaves, meats, milk, eggs—furnish the body with the indispensable nutrients, and just where they fail. And we know what is necessary to supplement a given natural food.

In the past several years you have heard a great deal about

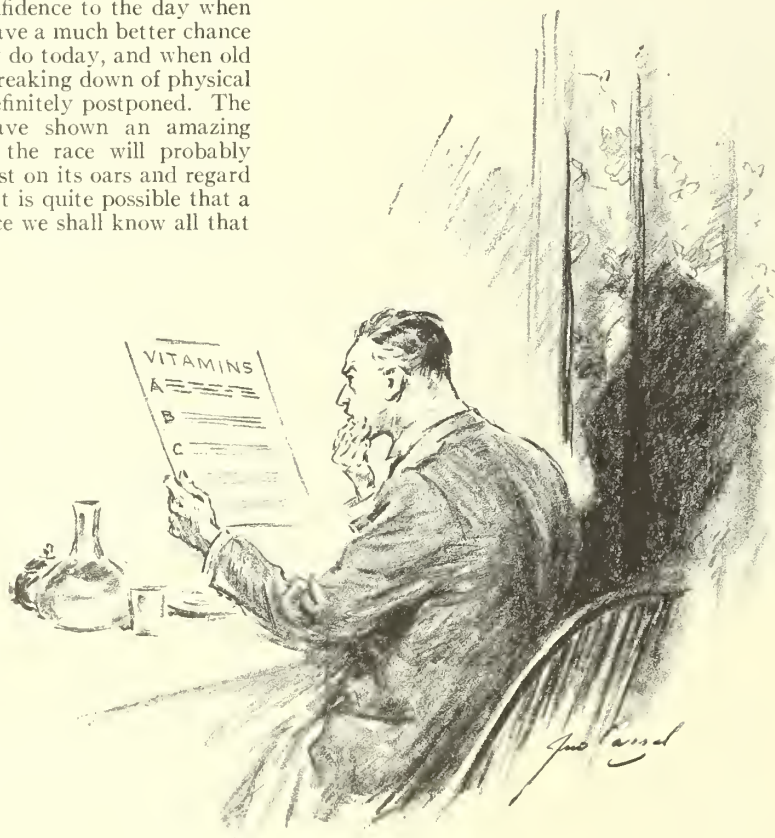
vitamins and how necessary they are in the diet. At the present time we are familiar with six of these nutrient principles, vitamins A, B, C, D, E and G. Every one of these is necessary to normal nutrition. Here again you need not be alarmed. The milk man, the grocery man and the butcher bring you your supply of them, and the drug store is needed only for vitamin D, which is best secured from cod liver oil. Whole milk, which has been called the perfect food, and egg yolk contain all of the now known vitamins, but are not uniformly rich in them. For instance, milk has not a sufficient amount of Vitamin B to serve as the sole item in the diet. Wheat germ, yeast, liver and probably some other glandular organs are richer in vitamin B than is milk. When milk is the sole food of animals they cease to grow, and it has been found that the

most satisfactory food to supplement it is liver. As little as five percent of liver in a properly proportioned mixture of whole dried milk and carbohydrates has produced exceptionally good animals with no apparent loss of vitality to the fourth generation. Of course, nobody wants to live on such a restricted diet as milk and eggs and liver, but from our studies of these we may evolve a minimum diet to sustain life, and work from that to the perfect diet.

For the past fifty years Americans have generally built their meals about bread made from the refined wheat flour, which is deficient in all the vitamins as well as other nutrient principles, though it is rich in potassium and phosphorus. The cereal grains—wheat, oats, corn and rice are the most generally used—keep well for a considerable time and in the past we in the temperate zone have relied upon them as the staples of the winter diet. A typical meal of a few years ago consisted of products made from white flour and other of these cereal products having similar dietary qualities, with meat, potatoes and sugar. No combination of these foods makes an adequate diet.

Mere variety in the menu is not enough. Animals will not thrive on a diet consisting solely of cereal grains, such as wheat, oats, corn, barley

or rye; legume seeds, such as peas, beans and soy beans; tubers, such as the potato; and fleshy roots, such as the sweet potato, radish, turnip, beet, carrot and parsnip. Adding



Every one of the vitamins is necessary to normal nutrition. But don't be alarmed. Your milk man, grocery man and butcher bring you virtually all you need. Milk and the leafy vegetables are rich in them

lean meats, such as ham, steak and the like, does not enhance appreciably the value of this list of foods. Such a diet will not give an animal an opportunity to grow as he should; he will probably be nervous and irritable, and will tend to grow old at an earlier age than is necessary.

If we take less of the refined foods and make fuller use of the protective foods, which are milk and the leafy vegetables, we shall be much better off. In these days of quick transportation and advanced methods of refrigeration there is no reason why anyone should go without fresh meats and the leafy greens which are so important a factor in the diet.

Physiologists and medical men everywhere recognize that whole milk is the one food for which there is no effective substitute. Normal individuals should take the equivalent of a quart of it a day throughout life. Lettuce, romaine, watercress, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, chard, kale, spinach, turnip tops, beet tops and dandelion leaves allow a variety in the leafy vegetables. Once a day a liberal service of cooked greens or pot herbs should be taken. Twice a day a salad should be eaten, either of vegetables or fruits. The vegetable salads are usually dressed with salt, oil, vinegar and pepper. A dish of chopped meat or fish mixed with vegetables and seasoned with oil, vinegar and pepper is equally good. Salads, especially those of vegetable origin, encourage the consumption of raw foods, which are rich in vitamin C. They also encourage chewing, which use of refined foods of today has brought into sad neglect, to the disadvantage of the teeth.

Just a word here about reducing diets. They must have the proper elements of the regular dietary, but in lesser amounts. Instead of a quart of milk daily a pint may be taken. A good daily diet for reducers would include two servings of fruit, two servings of vegetables, one raw and one green, a potato, an egg, one serving of lean meat, fresh egg or cheese, one small pat of butter (or a teaspoon of cod liver oil). Don't try to take off more than two pounds a week. Drastic reduction may lead to tuberculosis and in some cases, as in that of a well known motion picture actor, to death. To increase weight eat more of the foods in the proportion used in the regular diet.

Probably the teeth of Americans are better on the average than those of most civilized peoples. The inhabitants of northwest Greenland and the 140-odd people living on Tristan da Cunha, that little island in the south Atlantic Ocean which seldom sees a ship, have a better tooth structure than we have. But probably no others. The French and English were amazed during the war to find that the American soldiers, even those past middle life, had most of their teeth. The enormous amount of money spent in advertising tooth brushes and dentifrices in this country has been partially responsible for this. But our teeth are not so good as they ought to be, and here a proper diet, we have found, can literally work wonders. Vitamin C is especially important in maintaining the health of the gums. Experiments in this country and abroad show healing of the gum lesions in pyorrhea can be effected by feeding patients large quantities of orange and lemon juice and lettuce.

Decay of the teeth may be caused by an unhygienic condition of the mouth, but a deficient diet will also cause a breaking down of the tooth structure. It is not true in the absolute sense that "a clean tooth never decays." The large consumption of cooked and pasty starchy foods—foods which tend to adhere to the surface of the teeth and to become packed between them—is an important factor in tooth decay. Eating the proper foods and keeping the mouth clean will assure tooth longevity, provided the diet was satisfactory during the developmental period so that a sound structure was formed.

Since 1917 it has been the custom to give infants the juice of some fresh fruit or vegetable each day to prevent scurvy. This also is of help in insuring a good tooth structure. Experiments with rats have shown that, fed from very early life on certain foods, they can be made to form good teeth which remain healthy until the animals are old, while teeth of poor texture, quickly decaying, mark those having a less satisfactory diet.

The amount of a particular substance necessary in the diet may be infinitesimal, but if it is not furnished to the body some grave

Experiments have shown that in the case of rats at least, a diet with no manganese in it kills the maternal instinct



biological disturbance may be set up. Manganese is one of a number of inorganic elements, many of which are more important, in the constructive diet of animals. We experimented on rats with a diet containing no manganese. For one hundred days the rats acted no differently from ordinary. And then we found that the mother rats in the group were neglecting their offspring; in fact allowing them to die. Another group of rats fed on a diet containing only five-thousands of one percent of manganese behaved in a perfectly normal manner. It is usually easy to fool rats and make them nurse the offspring of strange mothers without being aware of it. But when the young of manganese-free mothers were placed in the cage, the normal mothers refused to have anything to do with them.

Thus it appears that in one group of animals at least the maternal instinct is to a large degree dependent on an infinitesimal amount of a single mineral element in the diet. What may we not learn in our food studies about the hidden springs that control our conduct? The effect of the diet on the emotions provides a fascinating field for experimentation.

WHY is there no vitamin F to go with the other vitamins? There was, but it petered out. Shortly before the United States entered the war, a scientist claimed that he had found a substance which determined growth of animals. If it was withheld, he said, the animals were dwarfed. So vitamin F came in, but further experiments determined that its discoverer had been mistaken, so it was dropped.

The British have a different vitamin nomenclature from ours. What we call vitamin B is B₁ to them and our G is B₂. It is likely that this summer at a League of Nations committee meeting a comprehensive system will be devised to harmonize these slight differences.

Most people, I have found, are anxious to know in what foods the various vitamins may be found. Here are the most common foods containing them, with something about the effects that follow upon a deficiency of a given vitamin:

Vitamin A is found in butter, whole milk, yolk of eggs, spinach, watercress, lettuce, celery leaves, turnip tops, beet tops and radish tops. Steenbock made the discovery that there is no vitamin A in white vegetables such as (Continued on page 63)

*The Best Way To Improve Your Game
Is To Learn From*

THE SHOTS YOU MISS

By Erwin Rudolph
World's Pocket Billiard Champion

IT isn't the shots you make in pocket billiards that make you a good player, but those you miss. That's a plain, everyday way of applying to my favorite game the old saying that we learn by our mistakes. And it's my experience after twenty years of playing that in no game does it apply more than in this one. The next time you miss a shot, put yourself to this test. Ask yourself just what there was about your execution of the shot that made it fail. Mull it over in your mind, considering the thing from every angle. Do that after each failure during the game. At its close you will be on the road to becoming a good player, and if you make it a habit to go through this self-analysis, I'll wager that you'll surprise yourself with your game.

note of the way in which he gets his position each time, and making an effort to put into practice the sort of game he plays will do more for you than anything else. Also, you can apply that method of second guessing on shots to those the expert misses. When a tournament player of the first flight has made two or three shots he can usually be depended upon to clear the table and place himself in position to pocket the lone ball separated from the fourteen newly racked. If for any reason he doesn't break those fourteen balls wide open he will play safe, because failure to make the shot in such a case will open up a run for his opponent. That run may carry to the end of the game. Don't gamble on a shot at any time. If you can't make it, play safe.



"A good player may know exactly how he is going to play five or six shots ahead, and he may not. He generally knows which ball he wants to be sitting in position on the table when all the rest of them are in the pocket."

An expert player can teach you the fundamentals of this fascinating game, but he can't make a great or even a good player of you. That job rests with you alone. The instructor, if one is used, performs more convincingly and is more helpful to you when he clears the table than when he lays out a plan of campaign in talk. Watching him pocket the balls, one after another, making

As champion pocket billiard player of the world, I imagine I rate as the best of the biggest army in sports. That is until next December, anyway, when I'll have to defend my title again. There probably aren't any figures to prove it, but I think you'll agree that more people play pocket billiards than baseball or golf, tennis or basketball. Even twenty-five years ago, when

baseball was a game to be played by the millions instead of just watched, pocket billiards probably drew more actual players, and although golf has been attracting increasing numbers of people to private and public courses, regular and miniature size, the billiard rooms still have the bulge. You who read this, put it to yourself. How many of your friends and acquaintances play golf and how many play pocket billiards? Let me know if I'm wrong.

Incidentally, I'm so sure Legionnaires are more than a little interested in my favorite game, and would welcome the chance to compete in it, that I'd like to propose a national Legion tournament. I'm sure there would be a lot of interest in such a tournament, and there could be elimination contests on the scale of the Legion's Junior World's Series in baseball. It would be a great thing for pocket billiards if such a tournament could be held at some central point, say in Chicago, or at the next national convention in Detroit, and a great thing for the Legion. And I'm sure there would be no trouble about getting some worth-while prizes.

I've been playing pocket billiards since I was a youngster, and while I make my living out of the game, if I suddenly found some other way of getting that living, I'm certain I'd still play the game in my leisure hours. You don't have to be a good player, though, to enjoy this game, and though there are some people who can't bear to have the other fellow beat them, most men—and women and children, for that matter—get a good time out of it whether or not they win.

The game so fascinated me when I first took it up as a youngster in my 'teens that I used to work in an hour or so of it each twenty-four hours while I worked in a steel mill by day and played the violin in a movie orchestra at night. That was five or six years before we got into the war. I got to be a moulder in the factory in my home town, Cleveland, and my job was to turn out two motor-truck wheels a day. One day I wanted to get off at noon, but the boss said I'd have to get my two wheel moulds ready for the pouring before I left the factory. So I hustled and got both of them done by noon. The boss looked at them and said, "That's fine! After this you'll turn out four of those every day."

So the steel industry lost a promising moulder! And I took up pocket billiards in a more serious way. I didn't make much money at it until 1916, when I beat Frank Taberski, the champion, in an exhibition match in Cleveland. It was a long road to travel before I got to be champion briefly. I was making good progress when we got into the war, with service for eight months overseas with the 331st Infantry, 83rd Division. While I was in a little French town I played a game with a fellow whose name I don't remember. He beat me in a twenty-five



"The big difference between a fairly good player and a man in the championship class is that the really good player knows when and how to play safe, and when a really hard shot is worth trying for"

point match, and you can get an idea of how terrible I was when I tell you his high run was five. I hadn't seen a table in more than six months, and it's a game that has to be played regularly if you want to do well in it.

Of course, a man has to have good health, a good eye, and lots of confidence in himself to reach the top flight of players and stay there. Although the champion now keeps his title for a year before he has to risk it in competition, he had better keep playing right along or he'll go stale and somebody else will come along and take it. I go back to the farm in Ohio in the spring and stay there all summer and into the fall, keeping outdoors as much as possible, pitching hay and playing golf. It takes me about six weeks to get in shape in the fall for the winter competition. During that training period and until the championship is decided in December I go light on cigarettes, but I don't go through any training wrinkles except for breathing exercises in the morning. They put me in shape for the competition I'll meet later in the day.

Most of the pocket billiard addicts watch the tournament player clear the table of balls, sometimes rack after rack, and some of them, I know, think that the expert has every shot outlined right through to the end of the rack. But it just isn't so. A good player may know exactly how he is going to play five or six shots ahead, and he may not. As soon as he has the balls scattered he generally knows which one of them

he wants to be sitting in position on the table when all the rest of them are in the pocket. The big difference between a fairly good player and a man in the championship class is that the really good player knows when and how to play safe and when a really hard shot is worth trying for. I think the reason I'm champion now is that on long shots I can usually do a bit better than the man I'm playing. But if I gambled on shots instead of playing safe when I was in a tough spot, I just wouldn't be champion.

The first time I ever played Ralph Greenleaf, who was champion until I took the title last December, was in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1915. My first inning in that game brought me a run of 112, and I thought I was going to sweep right through for a win. But Greenleaf caught me and won the match, 500 to 398. Twelve years later, on January 22, 1927, I defeated Greenleaf and became champion. In those days the champion had to defend his title every sixty days. The first player I met didn't give me any trouble, but Tommy Heuston defeated me, and took the title. He then retired undefeated, but is back in competition and is still one of the best half dozen men in the game.

There's an old saying that a game of baseball is never over until the last out. That's the way it is in pocket billiards, only more so. You've got to be on the alert every (Continued on page 59)

When MR. BAKER MADE WAR

By Frederick Palmer

WHEN Congress adjourned in mid-October, 1917, conscious of duty performed by its long summer vigil and its colossal appropriations, the news from Europe was still favorable. Before the members were back in Washington, in early December, for the opening of the new session, the Italian disaster had written its warning on the map. The war had ceased to be just a public irritation. It had become a savage factor in the national life. We were committed to it now. There was no turning back. We must see the wicked business through. The expected German offensive was more than a threat.

General Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, and Quartermaster General Sharpe were catechized in the course of a prolonged investigation of the conduct of the war by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. Baker's turn before the committee was still to come.

Meanwhile, plans of reorganization were tripping over one another on Baker's threshold. The whispering gallery was already saying by mid-December that "if Baker didn't break they would break him." Some of the callers who brought the gallery first-hand observations said he was looking tired and careworn. Their impression was warranted if they saw him at the end of the day's procession. As one of Baker's secretaries said, there were some callers who would make anybody look tired and careworn. But such turns of satire did not come from him, even in his whimsical moods that gave him a mental breathing space.

His gift of falling asleep immediately he was in a horizontal position brought him fresh to his office in the morning. His hour at home for luncheon and dinner in the quiet of Georgetown gave him a new draft of strength for the next session of the long day's routine.

Less than ever might decisions be delayed in the quest of perfectionism as a nation rampant sought direction for its energy in that period of national apprehension. A Secretary of War could not stand hours at the fork of the road, hearing arguments whether to take the road to the right or left, when both led to the same goal on a life and death hurry call. If he took the road to the right and there was delay, the champions of the road to the left might pause long enough as they pulled the car out of a slough

to let it be known to the whispering gallery that their forebodings had been fully justified. There must be the courage to make mistakes, but it must be a reasoned and not a blind and impulsive courage. Baker's worst enemy could not have conceived of a meaner "damned-if-you-do-and-damned-if-you-don't" job than that of the Secretary of War in the winter of 1917-18.

Communications for the Secretary of War's information from the State Department were more frequent as the Allied crisis grew more acute. Did Baker know that Pershing was paying more attention to Joffre than to Pétain? Wouldn't he drop a hint to Pershing? Wouldn't he remind Pershing that he had sent no liaison officer to the Belgians, whose feelings had been accordingly hurt? Wouldn't he soften Pershing's stubborn attitude toward the amalgamation of our troops with the British and French? The colored regiments brought up the race problem in a trying

domestic issue. This was a subject of special care with him, as we shall see, but there must be a decision, right or wrong.

The cries of "Why don't we get what we want?" and "Why can't that be straightened out?" in the ears of all the chiefs became stentorian and peremptory when they reached the Secretary. Important men, who were charged with not doing their part, or even with selfish motives or profiteering, demanded in their hurt pride and hot indignation a hearing before him.

The Allied ambassadors and chiefs of staff of Allied missions had burning appeals which they did not wish to commit to paper, and preferred to make in person. There were distinguished officers of the Allies and representatives of Allied war industries who had suggestions which might be valuable if the proponents could agree as to the changes which were needed to speed up our war work. And often the conclusion was that what might do in England or France would not do in America, for the same reasons of national psychology that what would do in England might not do in France. There was also the question of how far the

Allied personage represented his government and how far himself.

One day M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, introduced a French general who had come all the way from France to present



Secretary Baker beginning his inspection of the A.E.F. at Tours, headquarters of the Services of Supply, in March, 1918, just before the great German drive. General Pershing accompanied him on the trip, which took him from the ports to the front line

WAR SECRETARY HERE TO STUDY NEEDS OF A.E.F.

**Newton D. Baker Will In-
spect All Departments
of Army Activity**

VISIT TO FRONT IS PLANNED

**Air Raid on Paris Gives Cabinet
Member Taste of Hun Idea of
Modern Warfare**

FORGETS WAR IN TOY SHOP

**Round of Calls and Conferences
Makes the First Days of Tour
Extremely Busy Ones**

Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, has come to France. He is here to confer with General Pershing. With General Pershing he is now engaged in a tour of inspection of the A.E.F., planning to see it from beginning to end with his own eyes so that when he returns to his desk in far-off Washington, he may be guided in all his acts by his first-hand knowledge of the things that are being done and the things that are being needed by the American Army in France. He sets sail once more for Europe if his plans go through, to ports at which he will be examined and have

*The Stars and Stripes tells the
A.E.F. about Baker's arrival*

TO THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I am glad to find in France a newspaper written and edited by and for our soldiers. Wisely managed, it can be a forum for their ideas, a means for each part of the American front to speak to all the others, a means for drawing closer together all the soldiers of the A.E.F. Good luck to THE STARS AND STRIPES!

(Signed)

NEWTON D. BAKER.
France, March 12.

NATION STEADY IN RESPONSE TO RUSSIAN CRISIS

**American Markets Reflect
Quiet Confidence of
Whole People**

WAR REGARDED AS BIG JOB

**Week of Nation-Wide Good Weather
Does Much to Aid General
Industrial Drive**

WHAT WE'RE



a perfectly confidential request to the Secretary: "We should like you to send twenty divisions to Russia."

"Very well," was Baker's answer. "We will. Our purpose is to comply with Allied wishes."

The general's surprise was manifest at the ease with which he had gained his point.

"But," Baker added, "as it will take three times as much shipping to transport and maintain one man in Russia as in France, it will mean that for every man sent to Russia we shall have three fewer in France."

In that case, the general had nothing more to say—and nothing more to do except to return to France.

THE devotion of Baker's intimates to him and their irritation with him was expressed in his phrase, "That's what a Secretary of War is for." All with whom I talked agree on his unflinching loyalty to his subordinates, the confidence he reposed in them. They knew his remark, "A — is tired; he has a tremendous burden and we must make allowances"—when as yet Baker saw him as the best man in sight for his task. "See that B — gets an afternoon off!" When a subordinate had done well, all honor to him. Let the press and the world know it. When a subordinate failed, Baker seemed to take it for granted that the blame rested upon himself.

"That's what a Secretary of War is for" was his answer when

some member of the intimate official family, which foregathered in his office at the end of the day, told him that he had been reaching for another "buck" that did not belong to him at all.

When peripatetic bucks, accruing endorsements in the vicious circle of their travels, interfered so much with speedy action in the War Department, he simply sent them to rest in the files. He seemed to accept the rising criticism of his administration as a confirmation of the hypothesis that no Secretary of War could be a hero. If it had been in character for him to try to be a hero it would have been a handicap, when the thing was to bring the nation's sections and races, with differing local traditions and inherited methods, and all kinds of men and women, and all the powerful personalities which were the creation of our American individualism, into harmony.

A suggestion that he ought to adopt the modern custom of a personal press agent, who would see that he was getting over right, as the saying goes, was the subject of a prolonged chuckle at the fantastic suggestion. As if he were not receiving enough publicity!

In the face of the coming storm, as the clouds thickened and the forks of lightning were shooting at his head, he went on dictating

tary of War should glory in war, be a partisan of war as war, look fierce and bloodthirsty, could they have heard him in these moments, would have had confirmation of their conviction that here was softness when the emergency demanded strength. Yet these sentiments were the same that we who knew the front were familiar with in the minds of the men who were doing the fighting from the Piave to the English Channel; and just as they took their places to go over the top to carry on the orgy, Baker of the "fighting jaw" applied the merciless logic of piling up man-power and weapons as the only means to victory.

NOW that I am going abroad apparently to remain for some time," said General Bliss before sailing back to France, "you will be wanting to make my successor actual Chief of Staff."

Pershing's suggestion had been that Major General Hunter Liggett should be our chief of delegation on the Supreme War Council, that permanent body for co-ordinating Allied relations which was to sit at Versailles. Baker chose Bliss, whose experience as our Chief of Staff and whose wisdom, statesmanship, and knowledge of the languages and service with the House mission singularly equipped him for this part, which was both diplomatic and military. Liggett was afterward to command our First Army at St. Mihiel and in the Meuse-Argonne. General Sir Henry Wilson, the first British representative on the council, was later to become chief of staff of the British army, and General Foch, the French representative, to become Generalissimo of the Allied armies.

That parting between Baker and Bliss meant the tearing up of roots deeper than those of eighteen months of official relations, roots sunk in sensitive tendrils of personal affection. The two had been through the Mexican trouble together, and through the formative period of our army policy in the Great War. Baker would miss the entry of Bliss of the Olympian figure by the door to the right; Bliss, the sage, with his classic and modern instances, his wit, his wide and comforting mental range, so companionable to Baker, and so imperturbable with his feet set firmly on the earth of sound principles.

"I'll not make a permanent Chief of Staff," said Baker, "until I know my man"—that young man whom he had in mind for this period.

General Peyton C. March was still in France in command of the A.E.F.'s artillery. General Biddle, Pershing's choice, had been recalled from France as acting Chief of Staff in Bliss's place. If there was a superman in the Regular Army his place in the winter of 1917-18 was in the Chief of Staff's office in Washington. On strictly military subjects he must be the final advice on which the Secretary depended. He was the army expert of experts, the superior of the bureaus, the supreme technical co-ordinator under the general staff system.

ON HIS way home about two o'clock one morning, Baker entered a bureau chief's office to find him with a pile of charts on his desk and working out computations on a pad. The habits of peace were still strong upon him. So long used to the strict censorship by Congress of every detail, he could not bring himself to let details for which he was responsible get out of hand.

"You ought not to be doing that," said Baker, quietly. "Your part is to do the thinking."

AGITATION for more concentrated authority and for more vigorous executives supported Baker in the creation of the War Council composed of the veteran chiefs of bureaus, who were to

have time for conferences with major heads in all activities.

When voices were raised under the dome of the Capitol demanding by what authority Baker had created the council, he said that he might order any officer to any service he pleased. The members of the Council were the Secretary and Assistant Secretary of War, the Chief of Staff, Major General Henry G. Sharpe, Quartermaster General; Major General Erasmus M. Weaver, Chief of Coast Artillery; Major General William Crozier, Chief of Ordnance, and Major General Enoch H. Crowder, Provost Marshal General. Brigadier General Barrette became acting Chief of Coast Artillery, and Brigadier General Charles Wheeler acting Chief of Ordnance. Wheeler's place was soon to be taken by Brigadier General Clarence C. Williams, who had been schooled for the job of Chief of Ordnance in France. Major General Sharpe, later to command the Southeastern Department, was succeeded by Major General George W. Goethals.

In spite of his prestige as the builder of the Panama Canal, any suggestion that General Goethals, an Engineer officer, should be made Quartermaster General early in the war would have started a train of rows sounding down through the Army and back and forth between the War Department and Congress. Now his appointment was acclaimed. Edward R. Stettinius became Surveyor General of Supplies. Stettinius had not been long in the

War Department before he learned the difficulties of war administration. He, too, became attached to Baker and was sounding his praises as a great executive.

"In the face of all this maddening business," Stettinius exclaimed one day as he paced the Chief of Staff's room, "how can Baker keep so serene!"

Meanwhile the War Department was charged with using the excuse of military secrecy as a smoke-screen to hide its failure. Did anyone think that the Germans did not know, through their wonderful spy system, how many troops we had in France? That they did not know just what we were doing in every detail? It was only Americans who were being kept in the dark.

But the records were to show that the Germans did not know. They were much confused. The Allied commands and Pershing's staff in France were more insistent upon secrecy than our staff at home. Its value had been sensationally revealed in Ludendorff's concealment of his plan and his mobilization for the Caporetto attack, and was being expressed at the moment in Allied mystification as to the number of divisions Ludendorff was massing on the Western front and where his blow was to come. It was being laboriously proved every day in the intelligence section of every army as experts painstakingly sifted, tested, and checked off bits of information from every source. Often some seemingly unimportant item, apparently innocent in itself, was the missing part that completed the picture puzzle.

Censorship is one of the penalties of war, a part of the defensive armor, as propaganda is one of its weapons, and just as loathsome in principle as war itself. What an outcry there would have been against the "ex-pacifist" if he had regarded nothing as "secret and confidential"! He would have been described as betraying our Allies to the enemy, informing the enemy of our plans, the number and location of our own and the Allied troops, so the enemy would know where he could hit us by surprise. One of the ironies of the war was the criticism by the militarists of the so called "ex-pacifist" for his militaristic methods.

THE day before I left Washington to go abroad with the A.E.F. pioneer staff in May, 1917, I met Colonel George



George E. Chamberlain of Oregon, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee and an implacable foe of Baker. A speech by Chamberlain following the Secretary's first appearance before the committee was a leading factor in Baker's demand for a second hearing



Secretary Baker addressing officers of the Sixteenth and Eighteenth Infantry at Gondrecourt on March 20, 1918. At General Pershing's right is Major General Hunter Liggett and behind him is Major General William Black

B. M. Harvey, who was lunching at another table at the Shoreham Hotel in Washington. Colonel Harvey received his military title for serving on the Governor's staff of the State of New Jersey, in which he had his military experience. The colonel was one of the most active conductors of the whispering gallery.

"I know when Pershing's going and on what ship," he said in a voice that could be heard across the room. "It's the *Baltic*."

Every one of the *Baltic* party had been enjoined to the strictest secrecy as to the ship and its time of sailing. All manner of important people lunched at the Shoreham, where the tables had been placed very close together. The enemy's intelligence service would hardly be unrepresented at this public listening post. It would have been somewhat discomfiting if the first report of General Pershing's landing on the other side of the Atlantic had been from the German port of Kiel, accompanied by the explanation that while there had been room for him, his Chief of Staff, and his aides on the submarine which had sunk the *Baltic*, other members of our very limited General Staff which was to mould our army in France had been left, under urgent military necessity, in open boats on the Atlantic.

The whispering gallery had the compensating tidbit that some stupid quartermaster's clerk or officer's "striker" of that stupid War Department had "given the show away, anyhow," by labeling some baggage for General Pershing, "S.S. *Baltic*." But to no intelligence section of any army would this have been an excuse for such a highly intelligent leader of opinion as Colonel Harvey openly violating the injunction to secrecy. The same action in a restaurant in Paris, London or Berlin might have resulted in great discomfort for the spokesman of such an indiscretion. But, happily, the enemy's army was not yet near enough our capital for individual instincts of self-preservation to operate so acutely as in Europe.

At the turn of the year Harvey, who was editor of the *North*

American Review, established as its adjunct a war weekly which became widely known as *Harvey's Weekly*. This voice of the whispering gallery and organ of urgent criticism gained a wide circulation. The "nobby little Secretary of War" and "chattering ex-pacifist" was Harvey's particular target. "Of all Cabinet members Mr. Baker will prove the least effective during the progress of actual warfare. We assume, therefore, that he will be

sent as our representative on the Supreme War Council." And again: "It goes without saying that all the multifarious documents that issue from the War Department cannot be passed upon, much less edited, by a man of sense." Again: "As long as Newton Baker remains Secretary of War we cannot hope to reach a state of efficiency that will give us strength to beat the Hun." At first Harvey approved the War Council, though feeling it ought to be outside the Cabinet. Later he referred to it as a "group of superannuated generals whom he [Baker] had been forced to decapitate as bureau chiefs." Baker glanced through the pages of one copy of *Harvey's Weekly* which was shown to him without feeling any of the anger it had aroused among his friends. Rather it brought the whimsical light to his eye.

"I hope I have more first-hand information about the War Department than Colonel Harvey," he remarked.

Harvey had scandal as well as comment at Baker's expense. The War Department was a nest of nepotism and the Secretary of War a war profiteer. Harvey had discovered that Baker's brother, H. D. Baker, was interested in the Engel Aircraft Company, which had a contract with the Government. Harvey continued for weeks to exploit his triumph in having forced the end of this sordid business by his exposure. But it hap-

pened that his brother's relation to the company had been discovered by Baker before it was by Harvey, through a copy of a letter sent to the Secretary by a man who had been asked to buy



*George Harvey, who became a virulent critic of Baker's policy, referring to him as the "nobby little Secretary of War" and "a chattering ex-pacifist." Harvey knew beforehand about the Pershing group's sailing on the *Baltic* and committed the indiscretion of talking about it openly*

stock in the company, in which the brother's interest was mentioned. Baker acted instantly through this telegram from General Squires to the company:

"By direction of the Secretary of War your contract for aircraft is hereby canceled."

The company promptly protested that it had gone ahead with its contract in good faith at a time when every possible source of production of aircraft should be doing its utmost. Then Baker sent Eugene Meyer, Jr., to Cleveland to make further investigation as to the company's financing and methods, and gave him a letter to F. H. Goff, President of the Cleveland Trust Company, in which he said:

"I am asking Mr. Meyer to take the situation up with you in the hope that you will find it possible to ask two or three men of the highest character and responsibility in Cleveland to act with you in bringing about the immediate, complete, and final separation of my brother from all interest in this company and its affairs, such separation to be without profit of any kind to him. I have not discussed the matter with my brother, but Mr. Meyer tells me that he has expressed a desire to do anything necessary to remove the embarrassment and all grounds of doubt on the subject. I will be deeply grateful for your interest and help in this matter."

Meyer found that the way the broker who was selling stock had used the brother's name was unauthorized by the brother or the company; that the company was composed of reliable business men; that the "Department of Equipment of the Signal Corps reports that the Engel Aircraft Company should start delivery on its contracts about the first week in February, and that the company is doing its work with efficiency and promises to become one of the most valuable concerns in the production of spare parts, with the possibility of being used to advantage in the assembly of complete planes."

The reports about the company's methods of business and financing and as to the nature of the work it was doing make a section of the Baker files nearly an inch thick. After the brother had withdrawn from the company, receiving nothing except the money he had put in and his salary, the company was reinstated in its contracts on the advice of Meyer and Goff and the officers of the Signal Corps. In this case Baker regarded himself as very much his brother's keeper.

BAKER appeared twice before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. The first time was on January 10, 1918, the second, on January 28th, which was the dramatic sequel and climax of the first. Both are very important in the history of the war, the second a great moment in the history of parliamentary institutions.

Senator George E. Chamberlain, Democrat, of Oregon, was chairman of the committee when Baker was chosen. From the outset he had been an implacable critic of Baker's administration of the War Department. The whispering gallery was saying on the morning of January 10th that Chamberlain was to have his "day." He was a prophet who was to receive his due, an inquisitor who would develop the evidence which would strip "the nobby little Secretary of War" to the nakedness of his incapacity.

Baker's attitude was that of respect for the law-making power, respect which had a certain disarming quality. The restraint of the occasion itself favored Congressional dignity at its best. The Senators were urbanely and considerably attentive to the Secretary's opening statement. It was a written statement, one that might well have been by his assistants for a busy chief. The value of a résumé of it is as the background of the unprepared statement of the thoroughly aroused Baker on January 28th.

He stated how from April 1st to December 1st, 1917, our armed forces had increased from the total of two hundred and two thousand officers and men, in the Regulars and National Guard, to one million six hundred thousand in Regulars, Guard and National Army, six times the total we had had at any time in the Spanish War and one and one-half times the force ever mobilized by the nation.

The War Department's appropriations for the then current fiscal year, seven and a half billions of dollars, were fifty times as great as for the normal year of 1915, and ten times the normal appropriations for all purposes, one-third the gross value of the products of all our industries, and twice the total of the operating income of all our railroads. The Quartermaster's personnel had jumped from three hundred and forty-seven officers to more than six thousand and its appropriations to three billions, or four times that of all appropriations in 1915. Two billions had already been obligated by contracts or disbursements.

"This business involved accounting, determinations of standards, prices, quantities, the creation of new manufacturing facilities, the substitution of materials for insufficient supplies, diversions of labor, the erection of storage warehouses, and difficult and often embarrassing questions of land and water transportations," Baker told the Senators.

The Quartermaster had made four thousand one hundred and sixty contracts for one hundred and forty-two different kinds of articles. Aviation appropriations alone were five times normal War Department appropriations. Aviation personnel had risen to one thousand one hundred and eighty-five from ninety-six officers and men. The appropriation for the Ordnance Department alone had been three billions, two hundred millions of dollars, three times the total value of our iron and steel industries.

There had been some pneumonia in the camps. There had been some outbreak of measles, but otherwise no epidemics of communicable diseases which are favored by men living so close together. The death rate in the home camps had been one-third of that in the home camps in the Spanish War.

After the statement the interrogation began. Senators generally agreed that the men were all getting enough nourishing food, although the pies were not such as mother used to make and the cooking generally was not up to that to which rich men's sons were accustomed. So the army was not "starving." That was something, in memory of the embalmed beef scandal of the Spanish War with which so many Senators were familiar.

No Senatorial voice was raised against the moral safeguards of the camps and the recreation and entertainment provided in contrast with the saloons and "cribs" of former days; but not all Senators accepted the health conditions as satisfactory when out of the millions in camps a certain number were bound to be on the sick list.

"Senator McKellar: 'With many hundreds and sometimes many thousands of men sick in these camps and with their parents writing to Senators every day, sometimes dozens of letters coming in complaining, of which I got several this morning, do you not think it would be wise on the part

of the Department to look into these hospital arrangements where so many of the boys are sick? Do you not think it would be a wise public policy?'"

"Secretary Baker: 'So wise that it was done a long time ago and has been constantly continued. I sent General Gorgas in person to inspect every camp in which there was an unusual prevalence of disease, and have instructed him to have his medical representative at each camp make

(Continued on page 49)



E. R. Stettinius, who as a member of J. P. Morgan & Co. had been purchasing agent for the Allies in America, was made Surveyor General of Supplies in the War Department

PERSHING TELLS *the* WORLD

A Review* *By T.H.Thomas*

FOR General Pershing the war began at Fort Sam Houston as follows:

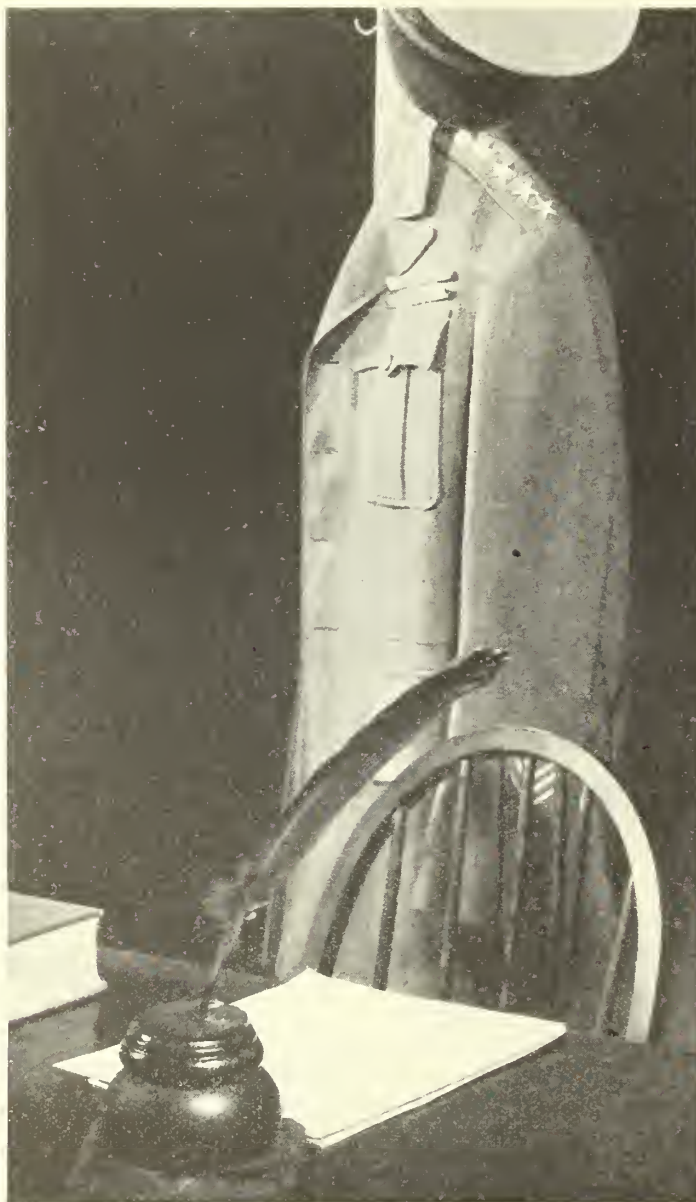
"On May 3, 1917, four weeks after the United States had declared war on Germany, I received the following telegram from my father-in-law, the late Senator F. E. Warren, in Washington:

"Wire me to-day whether and how much you speak, read and write French."

These few words were the first hint of the long trail that was to lead to Chaumont, but the General had no difficulty in grasping the idea. "My reply," he notes, "was rather optimistic, yet it was comparatively accurate and perhaps justified by the possibilities to be implied from Senator Warren's letter." The reply read: "Spent several months in France nineteen eight studying language. Spoke quite fluently; could read and write very well at that time. Can easily reacquire satisfactory working knowledge."

On this basis the matter was settled, and the C.-in-C. may fairly claim to have been the founding father of the Interpreters Corps. His reply, however, was none too optimistic. Clemenceau and certain others may have found that as time went on Pershing's accent grew steadily more and more American—but at no time was there any doubt of his being able to catch their meaning.

The language question turned out the least of Pershing's troubles. On his arrival at Washington a few days later it was clear at once that the question was "whether and how much" any American army could be got over. A check-up showed that there were available for issue 285,000 rifles, four hundred light field guns, nine hours' supply of ammunition "firing at the rate ordinarily used in laying down a barrage for an infantry attack"; thirty-five flying officers, and fifty-five training planes of which fifty-one were obsolete. No arrangements were yet under way for supplying these deficiencies; no plan had been drawn up; and neither the General Staff nor the War Department had come to any decision in their own minds as to whether or not a large army



would ever be sent over. In his letter of instructions Pershing was told that he was to exercise an "independent command"—and keep his troops "a separate and distinct component of the combined forces, the identity of which must be preserved." But the plan then was for this separate and distinct component to consist of a single division. "No such unit," Pershing notes, "then existed in our Army." It was apparently from a fine sense of humor that the Secretary of War informed him: "You are directed to co-operate with the forces of the other countries employed against the enemy."

It was with this slim prospect that the "Commander-in-Chief" set off for Europe, and on the day he sailed the Chief of Staff at Washington put on record the following memorandum:

"... General Pershing's expedition is being sent abroad on the urgent insistence of Marshal Joffre and the French Mission that a force, however small, be sent to produce a *moral effect*. We have yielded to this view and a force is being sent *solely to produce a moral effect*. If all necessary arrangements are not made on the other side, it is the fault of the French General Staff and not of ourselves, since their officers were and are fully cognizant of our unprepared state for sending a serious expedition for serious business. Our General Staff had made no plan (so far as is known to the Secretary of

War) for prompt despatch of re-enforcements to General Pershing, nor the prompt despatch of considerable forces to France . . . But it seems evident that what the French General Staff is now concerned about is the establishment of the important base and line of communications for a much larger force than General Pershing will have. They evidently think that having yielded to the demand for a small force for *moral effect*, it is quite soon to be followed by a large force for *physical effect*. Thus far we have no plans for this."

For what, we may ask, was the Draft Act being voted?

This memorandum, roughly speaking, explains all that followed. Out of this minus quantity emerged the long series of plans, programs and schedules of the (Continued on page 42)

*MY EXPERIENCES IN THE WORLD WAR. By General John J. Pershing, Commander-in-Chief of the A. E. F. Two volumes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.



This fifty-six ton block of white marble, believed to be the largest ever quarried, is now being finished and carved at the West Rutland and Proctor plants of the Vermont Marble Company preparatory to being shipped to Washington to be used in completing the memorial to the Unknown American Soldier

IF YOU'RE SUING UNCLE SAM

By Raymond C. Parker

DURING the World War the United States Government entered the insurance business in order that the several million men and women in active service might be afforded insurance protection not obtainable elsewhere. By the end of the war a majority of those in the military and naval service had contracted for and received certificates of war risk insurance, and monthly premiums were being deducted from their pay. These certificates, limited to ten thousand dollars, contained a provision calling for their payment in monthly installments to a beneficiary in the event of death, or to the insured himself should he become totally and permanently disabled.

From the standpoint of the veterans, it is a regrettable fact that a majority of the policy-holders, following their discharge from the service, permitted this insurance to lapse for non-payment of premiums. Perhaps most of them were not financially able to continue it. However, since the war it has become clear that many of the veterans were injured, or else developed a disease, while in the service which was not discovered during the

FRIDAY

3

JULY

is the Deadline for
Action on Disability
Insurance Benefits

perfunctory, routine examination given them just prior to discharge.

Probably a majority of these disabled men soon applied for and received government benefits called "disability compensation" provided by Congress to partially pay the debt owed by the nation to its defenders who were wounded or otherwise disabled by injury or disease incurred while in the active service, but it seems that large numbers of these incapacitated men failed to apply for disability payments under the policies of war risk insurance which they had purchased from the Government during the war, and which is, and always has been, a matter separate and distinct from the

benefits that are known as compensation, adjusted compensation (bonus) or disability allowance. Eventually, however, someone advanced the just and fair theory that if an insured veteran's injury or disease of a total permanent nature was incurred while he was in the service it necessarily was incurred while his insurance was still in force, and by reason of that his policy then matured and no further premiums were due by him. This is the position taken by the federal courts in (Continued on page 40)



Ordinarily one associates gophers with Minnesota, but this is another kind of animal, known in various parts of the country as turtle, terrapin or tortoise. But to Fort Myers, Florida, they're gophers, and racing gophers at that. Here they are shortly after the beginning of the great competition, which was won by Opaline, with Hard Surface second. Winter tourists swelled the crowd of spectators

GO, GOPHERS, GO!

AS A native Ohioan and citizen progressively of four other States in the snow belt east of the Mississippi we always supposed a gopher was a little beast that lived on western plains, a scampering and burrowing critter. Dudley Geddes, Past Commander of Rabe O. Wilkinson Post of Fort Myers, Florida, drove us to the dictionary when he sent along a story of a gopher race, staged by his post, which added \$500 to the post treasury. Gopher, we found, is also a small land turtle.

Racing turtles! Well, here were a half dozen photographs and some newspaper clippings to prove it. The gopher race was so exciting it made everybody forget a local election and hard times. Quite a lot of currency changed hands too.

Small boys provided the gophers when the post agreed to pay fifty cents a head for them. Public interest in the race picked up when every show window in town was displaying the racing turtles and sidewalks were crowded with clerks training their establishments' favorites to wobble in a straight line. Businessmen, from the town's bankers to the corner bootblack, paid \$3 to enter a gopher in the race and this fee included decoration of a turtle with duco. There were 115 entries.

Rules provided the race would be won by the gopher which first traveled seventy-five feet in either direction from the starting line. Gophers must be left to their own inclinations after the starting gun. Each gopher bore a number and the name of the owner or stable to which he belonged.

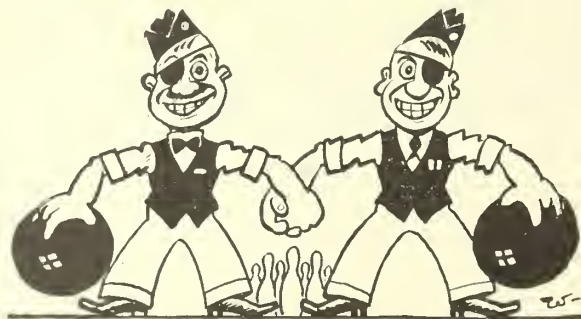
Judges were Connie Mack and Tom Shibe, manager and president of the Philadelphia Athletics, in Fort Myers for spring training. E. S. Barnard, president of the American League, was also present—one of his last public appearances before his death a few weeks later.

Schools let out early for the race. Business stopped. A thou-

sand seats had been provided and were all filled a half hour before the race began. Tourists were paying fifty cents for the programs which had been distributed free by the post. Spectators stood on benches, climbed trees and even took to the housetops as the zero hour for the unusual competition neared. Under a two-column head the Fort Myers *Press* told the story of the race, beginning:

"Opaline, from the stables of the Sinclair Refining Company, is the fastest gopher in this part of Florida. Taking a lead at the start of the gopher derby here this afternoon, Opaline crossed the finish line a winner, a split second ahead of Hard Surface, entry of the city's street department . . . Miss City of Fort Myers was awarded \$10 as the best decorated gopher . . . Among the outstanding entries were Miss Information, Chamber of Commerce; Sunshine, Power and Light Co.; Uneeda, National Biscuit Co.; C. C. & Iodine, drug store; Back Taxes, county collector's office; Wrong Number, telephone company; Al Capone, sheriff's office; False Alarm, fire department, and Overdraft, Lee County Bank."

Probably next year other posts in Florida will have gopher races. What a study for a slow motion camera those races will be!



Challenge

THE bowling season of Bert H. Hickman Post of Richwood, West Virginia, is probably almost over by this time, but it is a good bet that one challenge the post sent forth has not been taken up, according to Robert B. McDougale of Parkersburg, West Virginia's

National Executive Committeeman, who calls attention to this item in the *West Virginia Legionnaire*:

"I have been authorized to issue a challenge in regard to ten-pin artists," writes Wheeler Green, post finance officer of Bert H. Hickman Post. "We have two one-eyed members of our post who

will meet any other two one-eyed bowlers in the State.' " Try to tie that one!

Up Damariscotta Way

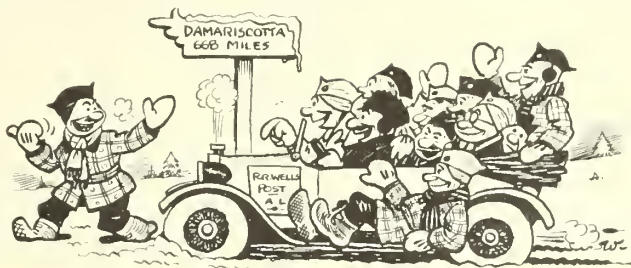
MAINE has its quota of broad cement highways but when you get off the pavement in winter the going isn't so good, and this fact makes Adjutant H. W. Castner of Richard R. Wells Post at Damariscotta proud of the fact that fifty-five of the eighty widely distributed members turned out for a recent meeting.

"I passed out slips at our last meeting and asked each man to put down the distance he had traveled," writes Mr. Castner. "The total mileage was 668. William Crusier held the record, with 72 miles. Walter Hill came some twenty miles, and had to break thick ice in a brook late at night to get water to keep the old flivver from boiling over. George Hodgkins of West Neck walked three miles to hitch a ride with another comrade. Abner Stetson had been sick, but the doctor couldn't keep him from walking four miles. Past Commander Page had to go to Portland on business the day of the meeting but he got back in time, and his speedometer added fifty-six miles to the total. Arthur Willey is a brand new member, and he came eighteen miles. Perley Bailey came from Edgecomb. He had trouble keeping to the winding road and came through only because he was guided by familiar trees and other landmarks.

"Four of the outfit, returning home after the meeting unusually late, were holding a conference to think up plausible alibis when they met a neighbor who had been routed out of his bed to search for them.

"That is what winter is like up this way, but summer is a different story.

"A lot of Legionnaires from out of the State show up around



The other is the village of Arcis-le-Ponsart, between the Aisne and the Marne, where Lieutenant Houston fell.

Germantown is the home of Henry H. Houston 2d Post of The American Legion, an active influence in all community affairs. In 1920 Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Houston, parents of Lieutenant Houston, presented to the post a large house—a family mansion—which was the post's clubhouse for eight years.

At the same time he presented a house to the post, Samuel F. Houston undertook the reconstruction of the shell-wrecked village of Arcis-le-Ponsart. In 1927, when The American Legion made its memorable pilgrimage to France as the Second A. E. F., Legionnaires from Henry H. Houston 2d Post visited the French village and the whole town joined in welcoming and entertaining them.

Meanwhile Germantown had been growing rapidly. The comfortable mansion which had sheltered the post since 1920 was in the path of business development. In 1928 the post, with the friendly assistance of the donors, sold its old home and received for it \$121,000 in cash. Work began immediately upon a new clubhouse. To supplement the amount received by the sale, the post had

\$16,542, from a building fund raised in 1920, and \$20,585, from a fund raised in 1929. With interest on money the total amount which the post had available for its new clubhouse was exactly \$163,809.85.

Henry H. Houston 2d Post spent \$132,521.60 on its new building and made a trust fund of the balance of \$30,500, to provide for the operation of the building. The businesslike manner in which the enterprise was carried through was commented on widely. A leader in the enterprise was Charles I. Engard, Past Commander of the post, who was elected Commander of the Pennsylvania Department last autumn.

A photograph of the building was published as an illustration



Five thousand Legionnaires and Auxiliaries from the southern counties of New Jersey cheered when National Commander O'Neil was greeted at a great meeting in the Atlantic City Auditorium by Congressman Isaac Bacharach of New Jersey, who sponsored the increased loan law for veterans. The National Commander stressed the necessity of giving needy veterans the right of way in applying for loans. At the extreme left is the Congressman's brother, Mayor Harry Bacharach of Atlantic City. Mrs. Thomas Hutton, President of the New Jersey Auxiliary, and New Jersey Legion Department officers complete the group

Damariscotta in summer, and if they come to one meeting they return for another."

Name and Fame

TWO communities keep alive the memory of Henry H. Houston 2d, who was killed by a shell in battle in 1918. One is Germantown, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia, his birthplace.

JUNE, 1931

in the Monthly for July, 1930. The building includes an auditorium, seating 500, which can be converted into a ballroom. The large stage will accommodate any type of production. The game room, under the auditorium, has four bowling alleys, as well as billiard tables and handball courts, which are kept busy during the fall and winter months. The canteen serves meals.

It would take many pages to summarize Houston Post's activ-



At a bend of a rushing mountain river, Cordova (Alaska) Post Legion outposts. Evidently there is no problem of conservation to indicate that the nimble trout and other fish give the

ities. The post, which first grew to 1,000 members back in 1922, is now the largest in the Department of Pennsylvania.

Money Back

ATENTION is again directed, for the benefit of ex-service men who have forgotten it, to the fact that it is still possible for veterans in good health to reinstate Government insurance policies which were allowed to lapse. Many men who carried insurance during the war gave up this privilege when they were returned to civil life. The National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion is anxious to have all posts again make it clear that policies may be obtained in amounts ranging from \$1000 to \$10,000 in multiples of \$500. There are seven standard forms of policy available—ordinary life, 20-payment life, 30-payment life, 20-year endowment, 30-year endowment, endowment at age 62, and five-year convertible term. Local offices of the Veterans Bureau will, when feasible, conduct the necessary physical examination without cost, and will in any event furnish the proper forms, rates and instructions.

Incidentally, those who converted from the term insurance of wartime days are getting larger dividends from the Government this year than in previous years. The total allotted for 1931 is \$8,200,000, or \$900,000 more than for 1930.

Parlez Vous?

SOME thousands of onetime doughboys who learned more than enough French to order ham and eggs or travel about Paris in a taxicab will be able to parlez more than restaurant and taxicab French if the Legion goes to Paris again in 1937. They have been reading Fidac, the official publication of the Interallied Veterans Federation, which is printed with parallel columns of French and English. H. W. Dunning, former Arkansas newspaperman and now a member of Paris Post, is English editor of Fidac. He sends word that the monthly publication is read not only by American veterans who find it helps them remember their wartime tongue but also in the reading rooms of more than 300 public libraries in the United States and 100 libraries of American colleges and universities. The American subscription price is \$2.20. The address is Fidac, 15 Rue de Presles, Paris-XV, France.

The Way to Safety

WRECKED automobiles were by-products of the business depression in Waterloo, Iowa, as elsewhere. The desire to keep the old family chariot rolling without repairs or adjustments as long as it would navigate was being reflected in an increase of

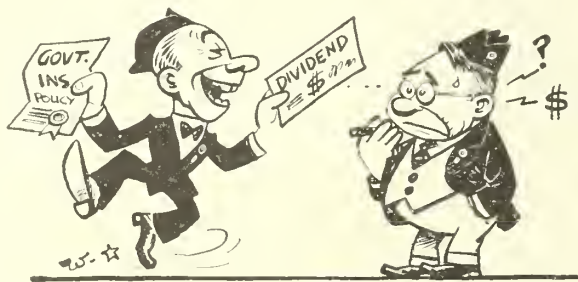
highway and traffic accidents. Becker-Chapman Post of The American Legion wondered if most drivers realized that defective brakes were an invitation to a ride in an ambulance and that a faulty steering gear might mean a car upside down in a ditch. In co-operation with the Chamber of Commerce, the Waterloo Safety Council and other bodies the post established for one week a Safety Lane for testing lights, horn, windshield wiper, mirror, steering apparatus, wheel alignment and brakes. All this service was free. Three thousand cars were tested during the week and only one hundred were found not to need repairs or adjustments. The Waterloo Post also conducted a survey of accidents to determine the street intersections which were most hazardous.

Guam Says Hello

WHENEVER a Legion post in Iowa or Illinois gets tired of seeing the same old faces at meetings it invites another outfit from an adjoining town to drive over some evening for a good time. It is not that way with Mid-Pacific Post of The American Legion, for that outfit is at home on the Island of Guam, which is about the most solitudinous place on the map. If Mid-Pacific Post wanted to invite another post, it could send a radio to a San Francisco outfit, but the San Franciscans would have to travel 5,053 miles to make the call. Or it could find a nearer Legion outfit in Hawaii, half way to San Francisco. Manila is 1,500 miles west of Guam. The Pacific, you will have to agree, is certainly the ocean of magnificent distances.

You can take the word of Past National Vice Commander John A. McCormack that Mid-Pacific Post isn't simply dreaming away the time in its tropical home. In a letter to National Adjutant James F. Barton, Mr. McCormack tells of the post's presentation of a flagpole and flag to the naval station and town of Agana. Governor Willis W. Bradley accepted the gift as the flag was raised for the first time by Betty McCormack and Anne Bradley. The four baseball teams of the Guam league took part in the ceremony with the Legionnaires. Other recent post activities include awarding of school medals, an essay contest and the awarding of prizes for the best drilled companies in the Guam militia.

Guam is just about big enough for an 18-hole golf course and a couple of Tom Thumb courses. It is thirty miles long and seven wide. The temperature is near 81 degrees all the year. Magellan discovered the island in 1521 and the United States captured it





maintains its clubhouse, one of the farthest north of the nation in Cordova, and the swiftness of the stream seems Legionnaires plenty of opportunity for that sport in season

from Spain in 1898. It is governed as a United States Navy station.

Biggest Band Concert

DETROIT may hear the greatest trumpeting since Jericho and the loudest blasting of trombones in all history when the Legion holds its national convention this autumn. Massed playing by all Legion drum corps and all Legion bands is the big idea which generated in the mind of Major Edward O. Halbert, United States Army, one of the three judges of the drum corps and band contests at the Boston national convention. Major Halbert and the other judges, including Edwin Franko Goldman, president of the Bandmasters Association of the United States, Wallace Goodrich, director of the New England Conservatory of Music, and Walter M. Smith, director of the Shriners' band of Boston, praised the performances of the scores of Legion musical organizations and submitted to Horace Z. Landon, contest director, ideas for making the Detroit contests even more impressive.

Major Halbert was struck by the fact that almost every band and drum corps was groomed as carefully as the cadet battalions at West Point or Annapolis.

"I marveled at the hours of effort spent, the patience in perfecting details, to say nothing of the cost of uniforms and equipment," Major Halbert commented. "To perfect the uniformity of individuals some of the outfits had made amazing efforts. Shoes were of the exact same type, leggings absolute duplicates. The texture, quality and color of the cloth in the uniforms were exact and all were perfectly tailored fits. All instruments and trappings were of the highest quality and design."

Cash prizes of \$3,500 will be awarded to the championship bands and drum corps taking part in the Detroit contests in addition to the large number of silver cups and other trophies, according to Dr. C. C. Hawke of Winfield, Kansas, chairman of the contests supervisory committee.

Pioneering

THE Louisiana coast of the Gulf of Mexico is a reasonably straight line on the map from the border of Texas half way to New Orleans. The map reveals strange country behind that coastline, region unmarked by highways or railroads, a great

blank space dotted by a chain of lakes. This is Cameron Parish—and if you don't know it, parish in Louisiana means county. It is a parish ninety percent marshland or lake waters, peopled sparsely by the hospitable descendants of the French pioneers of the Louisiana of several centuries ago. These folk live peacefully by farming and trapping on the highly fertile ridges that are interspersed among the marshes and in the single tiny community of Cameron which stands midway on a channel that connects the largest lake of the parish, Lake Calcasieu, with the gulf.

Cameron Parish is the only parish in Louisiana without railroad or telegraph. Only a few months ago it got its first electric lights and the telephone arrived. Oil has been discovered and the parish is throbbing with new prosperity. It is soon to be connected with the mainland by a modern road built through the marshes—the finest duck hunting waters in the country, incidentally—and then the world will have access to a beach on the Gulf of Mexico which will attract thousands.

To the Louisiana Department of The American Legion Cameron Parish until March was the only parish in the State without a Legion post. It gave up this distinction on March 22d, a day which will stand out in department history as the day Department Commander Sam H. Jones set out, like Columbus, in three boats for the discovery of a new world.

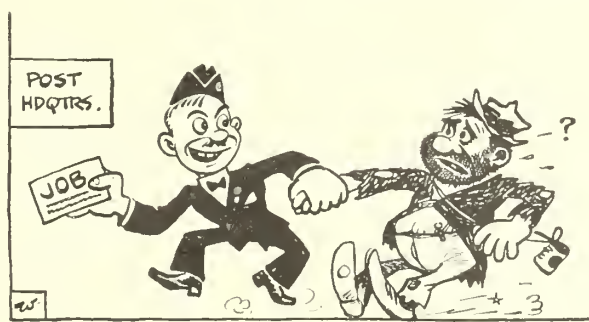
Department Commander Jones lives at Lake Charles, a metropolis of southwest Louisiana on the River Calcasieu twenty miles above the place where the river joins the lake of the same name.

In the good ships *Weewanda*, *Miss Top* and *Driftwood*, Commander Jones and most of the members of W. B. Williamson Post of Lake Charles, including the post's drum corps, voyaged down the river, through the lake and landed at Cameron. Nearly the entire population gathered in front of the court house to welcome the visitors. The drum

corps played, and there were speeches in French and English and then and there was born Richard Brothers Post of The American Legion with thirty-one charter members, named for Dorseli and Remie Richard who were killed in action.

Getting the Jobs

IT IS worth emphasizing again that The American Legion has a National Employment Commission which is endeavoring to get jobs for one million persons before the national convention in Detroit next fall. Former National Commander Howard P. Savage of Chicago is chairman of the commission and Jerome F. Duggan of St. Louis is vice chairman. The commission's "patriot card" is to be issued to each Legionnaire who finds a job for an unemployed man or woman, (Continued on page 62)



THEN *and* NOW

NOTWITHSTANDING the general impression that the Marines during the war were not exactly modest in telling of their part in it, mighty few of the ex-leather-necks have said their say in these columns. So let us listen to Ralph E. Hodgkin of Henry K. Burtner Post, Greensboro, North Carolina, who supplied the picture of the Marine Detachment, of which he had been a member, on the U. S. S. *Georgia*:

"Like all other Legionnaires who read the Monthly from cover to cover, I have often wondered if any other organization can boast of an experience such as happened to the Marine Detachment aboard the U. S. S. *Georgia*. I am enclosing copies of three letters written for publication in a booklet entitled 'The Log of the Leather-necks,' which contains the military history of each member of the detachment after he left the *Georgia*. It is dedicated to the seven men who crossed the Great Divide.

"The experience of which I spoke is contained in the letter from Lieutenant Commander Gulliver, affectionately known to the *Georgia* guard as Luke McGlue. It speaks for itself."

Unfortunately, we cannot reprint these letters—from Lieutenant Commander Louis J. Gulliver, U. S. N., Captain Sumner E. W. Kittelle, U. S. N., and Captain Samuel L. Howard, U. S. M. C., in full, but they all follow the same trend in expressing their appreciation of this detachment during its service on the *Georgia* from September, 1917, to April, 1918. We take this from Lieutenant Commander Gulliver's letter:

"The *Georgia* was not to be fortunate very long, for soon orders came for the Marine Detachment to leave for Quantico to prepare for France. I shall not soon forget the hour of their leaving the *Georgia*'s quarterdeck. To show to this splendid body of men our high regard and respect, every officer on board the *Georgia* left his evening meal to get cold on the table while he went on deck to grasp each hand and wave good bye. It was a tribute that I have never previously known to be given to any similar body of men. It was a deserved and heart-felt tribute."

ANOTHER mystery of the A. E. F. and of these Then and Now columns has been cleared up by sleuths in the Gang. In January we showed a picture of an American plane which had landed behind the enemy lines near Beney, France, about which were grouped a number of German soldiers. The picture came from an ex-German soldier, Joe Bender, now a resident of Philadelphia, and he wanted to know who the pilot had been and what became of him. The Indian Head insignia on the plane identified it as belonging to the 103d American Squadron.

Right off the bat came a letter from Arthur B. Curran, Legionnaire and attorney of Rochester, New York, who introduced himself as the former sergeant major of the 103d Aero Squadron (Lafayette Escadrille). He said:

"In answer to inquiry as to what former air service captain



piloted the plane of the 103d Aero Squadron, picture of which is shown in Then and Now in the January Monthly, I advise that my records indicate that the pilot was First Lieutenant Van Winkle Todd. I was sergeant major of the 103d when Lieutenant Todd was reported missing while on flight over the lines on August 11, 1918. I quote from memoranda I made on that date:

"On August 11, 1918, a patrol of four planes operated over the sector St. Michel-Pont-a-Mousson between 9:05 and 10:25. On this patrol Lieutenant Van Winkle Todd failed to return after being in a combat.' And a second memo: 'First Lieutenant Van Winkle Todd disappeared about 10:10 a. m., August 11, 1918, during a combat in which he destroyed an enemy plane. Last seen being attacked by an enemy biplane and to fall in a nose dive about 15 kilometers inside of enemy lines in the region of Euvezin, France.'

"The 103d, still retaining the name of the Lafayette Escadrille, was then stationed with the Third Pursuit Group and flying from a field just outside of Vaucouleurs, France. It might interest the readers to know that the 103d was the first American air unit actively operating in the Zone of Advance against the enemy. It became a complete American Air Service unit on February 18, 1918, when the enlisted personnel of the 103d relieved the French enlisted personnel of their duties and the former American pilots of the Lafayette Escadrille continued as the officer personnel. From time to time I have seen statements to the effect that the 94th Aero Squadron was the first American air squadron on the front. This, of course, is not true, because the 94th Squadron did not commence combat work on the front until April or later. The first real officially confirmed victory by an American Air Service unit was that of Lieutenant Paul F. Baer of the 103d, on March 11, 1918."

Lieutenant Baer lost his life the latter part of 1930 in China when his plane collided with the mast of a vessel, while he was in commercial service.



Contrary to the general opinion of gobs, Marines do sometimes warrant commendation. This detachment on the U. S. S. Georgia during the Fall of 1917 was highly praised. Later some of them fell in battle

WE succeeded in locating Van Winkle Todd in Matawan, New Jersey, from which place he reported that the picture in Then and Now had escaped his attention. He adds interesting details:

"I was shot down over Beney, near Thiaucourt. I was flying a Spad bearing the Indian Head insignia of our squadron, the 103d, having been recently transferred from the French Army

in which it was known as the Lafayette Escadrille. "My controls were shot away from below by a Fokker which had been one of the group protecting the two 'biplaces' and which had been driven down by a patrol composed of Lieutenants Tobin, leader, Furlow and myself. Lieutenant Furlow, who was new at the front then, pulled away from the formation because of machine gun stoppage about which I learned months afterwards. Lieutenant Tobin, who had noted his signal, which I had missed, followed.

"I attacked one of the 'biplaces' and shot it down. While

maneuvering to get under the tail of the second 'biplane,' my controls were shot away by what was, as far as I know, the first Fokker at the front capable of hanging on its prop. I fell 4,100 meters in a spin, slowing up at intervals to the extent possible with rudder and motor only, my elevator and aileron controls having been shot away at the stick. As a result of the spin, I received no injury from two Hun chasse planes which followed me down, and the tree in which my wings caught slowed up the spin to the extent that I was not injured in landing—if a maneuver over which I had no control can be so termed. I was fired at by the Huns on the ground and therefore forced to run for cover behind a row of trees a short distance from the plane where I was shortly afterward captured by what appeared to be part of a labor battalion. I spent the rest of the war in various prison camps.

"The story by the German who supplied the picture is correct in every detail except that I was a first lieutenant and not a captain, and that the French women handed me notes of encouragement and lump sugar which they had been saving since before the German occupation; the flowers mentioned being only incidental. The German evidently did not see the beginning of the fight, but this action was probably beyond his range of vision.

"This story, the quotations from Curran's records and the photograph in Then and Now are tremendously interesting. They may serve as a basis for convincing my four girls what a bold, bad man their father was in his youth."

NOTWITHSTANDING the cameras verboten rule of the A. E. F., many a good and unusual snapshot was acquired by amateur (and some professional) photographers. For instance, the picture on this page in which appears the wartime Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, about whom Frederick Palmer has been telling us things in the Monthly. George L. Heiges of Manheim, Pennsylvania, the snapshotter, tells this story:

"I was a hospital corpsman in Naval Base Hospital No. 5 which occupied the old Carmelite Convent at Brest. I was detailed as mail orderly and when making my rounds in Brest each day, occasionally placed my trusty kodak in the mail bag.

"So it happened that I had my camera with me on Sunday afternoon, March 10, 1918, when Secretary of War Baker arrived at Brest. The presence in the Navy Yard of Admiral Wilson and General McClure, as well as a company of French

Marines, drawn up at attention, indicated that something unusual was about to occur. I learned Secretary Baker was about to come ashore.

"When he showed up, I snapped the picture although a secret service man said, 'You'd better not let the admiral (Admiral Wilson) see you.'

"I am sure that this is the only picture that was taken of the event."

EVEN after these many years, relatives of some of the men who failed to return from the war are still seeking some firsthand information regarding the last moments of their soldiers. There may be some more cases that can be cleared up. Then and Nowers have been exceptionally responsive to requests



When a prominent civilian arrived in Brest, France, in 1918, George L. Heiges took this snapshot with a bootleg camera. The visitor was the then Secretary of War Newton D. Baker

of Company G, 26th Infantry, First Division, as "Scottie." Private Scott was killed in action sometime in June or July, 1918, somewhere in the area between Chateau-Thierry and Soissons. Former members of Company G who remember "Scottie" and who can give information regarding his death and burial are requested to report.

FINALLY we learn a little about some of the gobs who served during the war at Queenstown, Ireland—in which country probably a lot of us thought no Americans put in time. Our informant is Henry J. Tarmey of Caroga Lake, New York, and this is his story:

"My outfit had the pleasure of building the Naval Air Station at Queenstown, Ireland, which included plowing beautiful Irish mud and lugging 94-pound bags of cement. Well, finally we had our station finished.

"About this time the commander discovered from my service record that I had spent some dozen years prior to enlistment scraping chins in my dad's barbershop and I was instructed to erect a barbershop out of anything I could find handy. I was to be ready for action at the end of the week, with four thousand patients all ready to be operated on.

"I rigged it up—including a home-made American chair constructed of pipes, fittings and chain which would revolve—and hung out a big sign reading 'Tonsorial Hangar.'

"Sometime later, Admiral Sims came ashore to inspect the station and came strutting down the company street, looking as solemn and stern as most admirals usually look, until he spotted my sign. The parade stopped and everyone gave the barber shop the once over and I wondered if maybe I had left a fly-speck or something on the window, when friend Sims decided to give the Tonsorial Hangar a look from the inside.

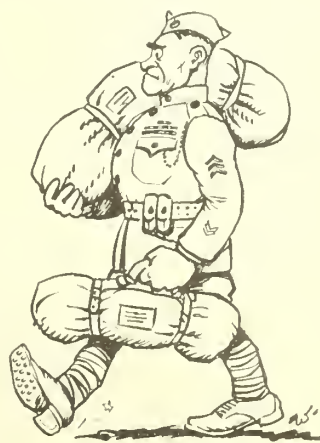
"He came in and I got a big kick out of it when he complimented me on my home-made American style chair and said it looked so much like home he was going to try it. Thereupon he sat down and had his beard trimmed and had a splash of hair tonic (also home-made) administered—for which treatment I gratefully accepted a ten-shilling note."

RECENT listing of additional members in our Unofficially Alive Veterans Club has brought a number of additional veterans front and center with accounts of their (Continued on page 57)

of this kind and so we call attention to the following cases:

The father of Henry Bruce, battalion sergeant major, Headquarters Company, 306th Infantry, 77th Division, would like to hear from former comrades of his son. Sergeant Major Bruce was killed in action on September 6, 1918. This request on behalf of Mr. Bruce, who lives in Long Beach, California, was made by Legionnaire D. W. Benton, 212 Foxhall Avenue, Kingston, New York.

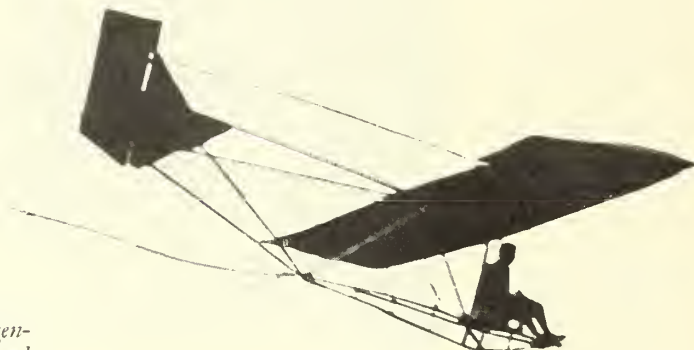
Past Post Commander E. C. Bucher of Huntington (Indiana) Post forwards the request of the father of Graham E. Scott, known to men



TOBOGGANING



"There he is, ladies and gentlemen, over the river and the telephone poles and all the other hazards, and it won't be long now before he lands right in front of you on these grounds." Thus Ralph Griswold broadcasting at the Legion sponsored glider meet in Norwich, New York. The Legion Glider Club's primary type engineless plane (shown on this page) started all the fuss. A craft of the secondary type, owned by a Norwich Legionnaire, is shown opposite



IN the big oval pasture enclosed by the race track, the old Chenango County Fair Ground is showing off some novel exhibits. They are drawn up in a line at the south end of the field, where the morning sun burnishes high lights on their new paint, crimson and cream-color, sky blue and black. At first glance, you'd take them to be three ordinary monoplanes. But look more closely and you'll see that these planes are not of the common or Garden City variety. Note that they have no motors, no propellers. These are the craft about which we've been hearing a great deal of late—but which few of us ever have beheld. They are gliders.

The Legion Glider Club of Norwich, New York, is about to start its first air-toboggan field day.

Ten glider pilots have signed entry slips and reported fit for duty in Contest No. 1. This is a competition in "landing on a mark." To the three victors in this contest the Norwich American Legion Post offers cash prizes of \$125, \$50 and \$25.

A second contest, to start later, is a "duration flight for licensed pilots." In this event a prize of \$500 is the Legion's bait to any glider who can succeed in staying aloft for two hours or more. But only a feeble breeze is stirring this morning, so no pilot present feels he has any real chance to grab that purse unless the weather changes. Better luck tomorrow, maybe!

Half a dozen young men are pushing one of the three gliders forward. It is of simple construction, reminding somewhat of a type of glider in which the Wright Brothers were flying back in 1902. Remember the photographs of that box-kite affair with no fuselage, and skis for its landing gear? But that history-making Wright glider was a biplane. The one we view this morning is a monoplane, a modern glider of what is known as the "primary type."

The other two craft on display appear to be 1930 models in every regard. Their wing spread is greater than the primary's, and a fuselage encloses the pilot's seat. To the eye of a reporter who may as well confess immediately that he is in no sense an expert on aviation, they look like up-to-the-minute modern monoplanes—except that they are minus a power plant. These are gliders of the "intermediate" or "secondary type."

The Legion Glider Club of Norwich owns a primary. Fifteen enthusiasts recruited from among the 250 members of the Norwich American Legion Post banded in a club and signed articles of confederation back in November of 1929. "We had heard about gliders and wanted to get in



on the AIR

By Charles
Phelps
Cushing



the game." Each of the fifteen chipped in \$35; the jack-pot furnished more than enough to buy a new coaster suited to their needs.

For their first training they met at the Norwich airport, about a mile outside the city, the Central New York Airways Field. Here any Legion member would feel himself always welcome and quite at home, for the field is owned and operated by Legionnaire Warren Eaton, Chairman of the Aviation Committee of the Department of New York, Legionnaire Melvin Eaton, past commander of the Norwich Post, and Dr. M. A. Quinn, the post's commander in 1930. Warren Eaton, manager of the airport, was appointed the club's official instructor; and it was stipulated that his instructions should be law.

At the time their first glider was delivered the ground was covered with a nice soft blanket of snow. This was regarded by all members as a lucky break. For, please understand, you can't, as in a school for the powered airplane, "go up and take your lessons" with the instructor sitting right at your elbow. You must learn to glide "just as you learn how to ride a bicycle," by shoving off alone. And since these are necessarily solo flights, prudence counsels taking short and easy ones at first.

If you have flying instinct and a sense of balance, you may get the hang of the sport in ten minutes. But to become really expert requires aptitude and long practice. Gliding is simple enough in principle. Here's the way it's done:

You and your glider get a flip into the sky by means of a "shock cord." This "shock cord" works just like the rubber band attached to a small boy's bean-shooter. It is a rubber band magnified to the thickness of a rope and drawn out to a length of fifty yards. The glider is the bean. Now watch how the bean is shot.

In the rôle of "visiting firemen" we have with us at the Fair Ground today a glider club of eight young men down from Schenectady. This is their primary about to make a flight.

At the tail of the craft a clump of clubmen have dug their heels into the ground, as for a tug of war. They are holding the glider down to earth. In front, attached to the glider's prow, a rubber rope stretches out, "V" shape, with two shirt-sleeved crews running and hauling at it. Their efforts cause the "shock cord" to stretch out and tense. All ready now—

"Let go!" the pilot shouts.

The crew holding down the tail obey promptly. Like a squeezed watermelon seed, the glider flies out of their grasp and leaps skyward. Kite-like it lifts a little higher, until the dangling shock cord drops off.

The rope-pullers scatter to get out of the way, or flop on the ground. The glider pilot is up now and has attained flying speed. From now on, it's a game of steering with the footbar and manipulating with his hands the control stick. The glide has begun—a toboggan ride on air. The pilot matches his skill as a flier against the wind's whims and against the relentless downpull of gravity. By taking advantage of up-bound currents of air he

may manage to prolong his flight. But against these gliders of the primary and secondary types, gravity has a big edge, so usually the flights are brief. These two types, please understand, are just what their name implies: they are *gliders*, not especially designed for soaring.

The "soarer" or "sail-plane"—a type not among those represented at the Fair Ground today—is a craft of much larger wing spread; it also is more delicately adjusted and to control it successfully and safely requires a pilot well-grounded in the principles of flying.

In these sail-planes amazing feats have been accomplished. An American pilot has kept one of them soaring for nearly seven hours. A German holds the world's record, of fourteen hours, seven minutes. A climb, craftily taking advantage of upward air currents, has attained 8,494 feet. To the question "how great a distance can they travel?" the answer, to date, is 283 miles.

All these world's records, at present, are held by Germans and Austrians. And all of us, indirectly, helped to prod them to that proficiency. The Treaty of Versailles greatly cramped German activities in building airplanes. Thereupon Fritz and Heinie promptly turned earnest attention to developing the motorless plane to the fullest extent of its possibilities. Ten years they've been at it; and for the amazing things they've accomplished we should be the last to begrudge them due credit.

For the present, any serious rivalry to the prowess of the German champions lies some distance ahead of the novices of America's rapidly multiplying new glider clubs. But all over the land, from Cape Cod to Point Loma, our enthusiasts are learning the game. Thus far most of their efforts are confined to flying the primary and secondary types, in sports of the kind the Legion Glider Club is demonstrating for us at Norwich.

This first contest of the day is a game chosen as suitable to the dimensions of the green oval bounded by the race track of the Fair Ground. To the untechnical eye, it is a hopping contest, not for distance, but for accuracy in making a landing. On his downward glide the pilot from Schenectady aims the nose of his craft at a circle of lime marked off in the far end of the field. In the center of it is the "mark," a flag.

This first flight falls short about thirty feet. The next contestant overshoots. But presently a shout goes up from the crowd in the grandstand. G. M. Brown of Schenectady has landed his machine within a foot and a half of the flag. An enthusiastic fellow clubman slaps him boisterously on the back, and cries:

"That's \$125 for you, old top!"

The game keeps on through most of the morning, each contestant allowed two trials.

Now one of the larger
(Continued on page 60)





The Legion's rifle team and the John R. McQuigg trophy it won in the Fidac interallied match held at Camp Perry, Ohio, last year. The 1931 match will again be at Camp Perry, in the late summer

READY, AIM—

By Frank J. Schneller

National Director of Marksmanship

MARKSMANSHIP has determined the destinies of nations and the course of history. The William Tell incident exemplified the Swiss efficiency in their fight for freedom from Austrian despotic rule. Our only disappointment in the popular play "Green Pastures" was the omission of the portrayal of David's marksmanship against Goliath. The invention of gunpowder alone would have changed the pages of history but little. Hiring soldiers, criminal use of pistol and gun avail but briefly. It is the man behind the gun, with courageous heart, steady nerve, clear sight induced and inspired by a conviction of justice and humanity that has dominated.

As a result of the experience of the World War, Legionnaires readily adopted marksmanship as a recreation and means of friendly competition. It is a definite contribution to national defense and a concrete aid to good citizenship among junior Americans. A good shot must have a sound body which can be built only by right living.

In 1923 the Department of Illinois presented the Milton J. Foreman Trophy as an incentive for rifle competition at national conventions. It was found, however, that conventions are not conducive to marksmanship which requires being up early "already, not yet." The elimination of rifle matches was considered. In 1930 the competition was held at Camp Perry, Ohio, in connection with the National Rifle Association matches. Two hundred Legionnaires reported to the firing line. Twenty-three Department teams shot in the first real national American Legion team match. Indiana won in a spectacular finish with the last pair scoring six straight bull's-eyes at 1000 yards. Ohio was only one point behind. Wyoming was third. Illinois, Washington, Massachusetts and Kansas followed closely. Reports from Department directors indicate a decided increase in number of Legion teams in the matches at Camp Perry this fall. It will be a battle worth traveling many miles to witness.

The change to Camp Perry made possible the addition of other

matches, which include high-power, small-bore rifle and pistol competitions. Only Legionnaires in good standing are eligible in the Legion matches. Legionnaires going to Camp Perry should take with them their Legion caps and membership cards. Last year many wired their dues and secured telegraphic eligibility authority. Department team captains have been asked to procure certificates of membership for all team members. These may be obtained from Department Adjutants.

The big event of the camp, which will be the latter part of August and early September, is the National Rifle Team Match between approximately 125 teams representing the branches of Regular Service, Reserve, R. O. T. C., C. M. T. C., National Guard and civilian teams from each State and a National American Legion Civilian Team.

In 1929 the Legion team finished in twenty-fourth place. Last year we headed Class B teams and won the coveted "Minute Man" Trophy for highest civilian team. This year we hope to repeat and to finish in Class A. All Legionnaires who wish to try out for the team are urged to advise promptly with certified scores made last year and results of this year's scores in competition. The team must include at least three tyros who have never shot in a national match team.

THE International Fidac match, suggested and organized by The American Legion and administered by Fidac, has proved very much worth while. Our team, captained by John Rackie of Philadelphia, at Camp Perry, won first place medals and one year's possession of the Ohio Department's John R. McQuigg Trophy. Second place was won by the Belgian service men's team. Legionnaires desiring to compete for place on our team, which will shoot the American score at Camp Perry in early September, are requested to advise the 1931 Fidac Team Captain, John Wohlshlager, Castorland, New York.

The National Postal Match was made the basis of a real Department league by many Departments. (Continued on page 60)



Of Interest to the Auxiliary



205 PENDANT
Sterling silver pendant, black enamel design. Chain platinum with sterling silver beads. Plated emblem, \$2.25



207 BRACELET
Sterling silver bracelet, black enamel, with a plated emblem, \$3.00



203 BAR PIN
Sterling silver bar pin, black enamel design with plated emblem, \$1.50



210 COMPACT
White metal, modernistic design. Blue and black enamel top, engine turned back. Powder and rouge, \$2.25

Fashionable, modernistic compacts and ultra-smart jewelry are the very latest offerings to the American Legion Auxiliary. And at surprisingly low prices. A convenient order blank has been incorporated in the handy coupon below.



208 BRACELET
Sterling silver, stone-set bracelet, black and blue enamel with plated emblem, \$3.00



204 PENDANT
Sterling silver pendant, blue and black enamel design, blue and black enameled white metal chain, \$1.75



206 BAR PIN
Sterling silver bar pin, black and blue enamel, modernistic design. Plated emblem, \$1.25

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JUNE, 1931



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WHITE COLLAR

*By
A Man Who Wears One*

SEVEN years ago my wife and I couldn't resist the spring fever—we left everything in our rented city apartment and drove out into one of the suburbs on the sea. There we recklessly peeked into the windows of a bungalow and even more recklessly decided that we must have it for our own. Our only possessions of any value at that time were our three-year-old daughter Jane and a tiny, rather dilapidated car. Two years in France had interrupted my career as an electrical engineer, but since my demobilization I had found myself advancing up the ladder each year, not exactly by leaps and bounds, but steadily.

Somehow or other (we were a stubborn lot) we bought that house. A banker later told us it was by "high finance and nothing else". We bought it through a co-operative bank and our payments were rather excessive in proportion to our income. But we had our home!

Four years ago we found ourselves in possession of yet another object of value—a son. So there we were—a daughter, a home, a son—not to mention the car.

Because of these priceless possessions we were unable to save money. We figured when the house really was paid for we'd put that monthly payment into a savings account for the children's education.

In the meantime we had good food, good clothing, read good books. Occasionally went to a show that we particularly wanted to see, engaging a nursemaid when we did go out. We entertained a lot—not formally, for our house wasn't that kind of a house, but folks dropped in on us evenings, we lighted the wood in the fireplace, and drew up a card table or talked.

And then, ten months ago, the firm for which I worked practically shut down, and I was out. It was a shock, to be sure, but nothing to worry about—we had no thought that it would mean

more than a month of idleness, at the most. I had all sorts of recommendations from people well known in my line of work. Armed with these, I started confidently out job-hunting.

It was natural for me to first visit engineers—superintendents in charge of my kind of work who in the past had wanted my services. I discovered that the very week my own firm closed, many more had done likewise. Here they were laying off men daily, there they were shortening the number of working hours, there they were closing the factory for an unknown period. No one could use me then, but they all wanted me to keep in touch with them from time to time.

Each morning I started out, a smile on my lips, waving my hand to my wife standing at the door with a "Good luck!" on her lips. After three or four weeks my smile had to be forced, my wave became less spontaneous, and the cheery "Good luck!" sounded more and more like a prayer. We were beginning to be frightened.

We sold our car that first month, but it was old and not worth much. It had given us our relaxation—our outdoors—and now it was helping us keep our home. To avoid our co-operative monthly payments, which seemed impossible for us to meet now with no income, we tried to change our mortgage over to a straight one. The banks weren't doing that. As it was, the house was just another thing to worry over. It looked as if we would be handicapped instead of helped by having a home on our hands. We dreaded the day when we might be unable to hold it any longer. To lose our home, for which we had sacrificed so much, to tide us over a mere temporary disaster seemed pitiful.

And because we had always paid cash for our groceries, meat and fuel, we found we had no credit. It began to look as if paying cash for things



was not in itself a virtue. We sat down and tried to be calm and figure it all out sensibly. Our only asset seemed to be our insurance policies. Reluctantly we borrowed on these to the utmost.

Since the day I first came home jobless, we had spent nothing for clothing, amusement or luxuries. What we obtained for the sale of the car and the insurance loans was saved for bare necessities. We had resigned from the few clubs to which we belonged. Folks dropped in on us just the same, but they didn't get fed, and there was no wood for the fireplace. One night two or three couples drove over and were soon in the midst of a lot of jolly nonsense. Someone suddenly sang out, "Come on, folks—I vote for sour milk griddle-cakes and Vermont maple syrup—do I hear my motion seconded?" In the midst of the gay responses, I sensed a wave of deep silence flowing from the arm of the chair where my wife had perched herself. I looked up quickly, just in time to see her jump up with a laugh and a "No use, folks—syrup all gone, and what are gridders without Vermont syrup?" And we all agreed with her—they were no good without it. You see we were noted for our gridders—my wife mixed 'em and I fried 'em.

That night she cried a little, not, as she told me between sobs, because she felt it at all necessary to feed sour-milk griddle cakes to folks, but because she was frightened. She didn't want to be reminded that there was no flour in the pantry. It was hard for a woman with a whale of an imagination to keep from thinking of things that might happen. And there were the children. It seems she'd been keeping too much of this worry inside—her head was aching from it—she was losing her nerve. You see we just weren't the type of people who could borrow money haphazardly. We couldn't just "take" help. With us it would mean indebtedness. Each new debt would make it so much the harder for us to clear ourselves in the future.

While my money lasted I chased each lead or rumor of a lead until it petered out. It began to look as if I was jinxed. Either the firm failed or the board of directors had decided not to appropriate the money for the position, or I lived in the wrong place (this applying to "city jobs"—I was a suburban resident, paying taxes outside the city), or they had hired a man half an hour ago.

I then decided to look for *any* kind of a place. There were many things I knew I could do and my friends knew I could do. But I hadn't been doing them—they weren't part of my particular job. And when firms or agencies asked if I'd been doing that sort of work and I had to answer no their reply was (and justly, I suppose) that there were hundreds wanting the job each of whom had been doing that type of work for years.

I was given promises of good positions—when things picked up. Because I had no money to travel far distances, I had to keep to my regular hunting-grounds. Because I had so many enforced idle hours, my wife suggested that I take (Continued on page 40)

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"Old Town Boats"

White Collar

(Continued from page 39)

some Civil Service examinations. This I have done. We both realized that in a few months—after times changed—I could get my own kind of work, but in the meantime I was not earning enough to feed the family.

We have not wanted people to see our straits, not because of false pride—because our friends would understand and we figured the others didn't matter—but we just haven't wanted to talk about it or become a subject of conversation. We haven't wanted to feel that we were being pitied. So we have joked a lot about the whole affair. All of my friends and acquaintances know I am out of work and they are doing all they can to help me find something. But with the exception of one or two people, whose friendship and help have been invaluable to us at this time, no one knows the true situation.

One night my wife met me at the door with a queer little hug. I couldn't tell whether she was serious or not—she had a funny little quirk in her smile as she greeted me: "Do you know I'm on the *welfare committee*—to help the *unemployed*? A man called me up today and said, 'Isn't there some way you can help me get work? I don't want a cup of coffee and a sandwich. I want *work* to do.'" Then she turned and walked quickly away, and I heard her call out from another room, "How about coffee, Friend Husband—wouldn't you like some?" I could sense the little catch in her throat. You see we hadn't had coffee for quite a while ourselves.

Around Christmas time we found ourselves unable to pay our church pledge—we felt humiliated about that. Living where we did, the carfares mounted up, so we couldn't even get to church, let alone pay our pledge. We packed up an enormous box of good-looking second-hand toys for poor kiddies. Those old toys were all we had a surplus of. Friends had always treated our own children so generously that they had many more toys than they needed, and they were glad to give a big share to other

less fortunate children who had none.

We'd always been a healthy sort of a family, but I suppose the worry had undermined us. One by one we succumbed to the grippe, first the children and then myself. The children we doctored with remnants of things bought in the past, and they got along splendidly, only when they began to convalesce they were hungry for a lot of things they were used to having but couldn't have now. My wife lay awake nights trying, she said, to think of some way to fix just plain potatoes in a way to tempt little appetites.

But when I could resist no longer and found myself lying in bed helplessly ill my wife became frightened and called the doctor. At that time we had only forty cents to our name—not enough, she realized, for a prescription. It had got to the point where I had no money to go out to answer what advertisements I might see. I couldn't lift my head, I coughed constantly. For my sake, and her own peace of mind, she called the doctor and told him about the forty cents. The doctor was disgusted with us for not calling him before.

Once more I was able to renew my search. But the leads had grown scarcer. Ten months had gone by since I had drawn any salary. People were beginning to clamor for legislation to aid the unemployed to get on their feet. Towns, cities, States, gave a lot of publicity to the money they were spending to give work to those needing it—road work, construction work of all kinds. But you see I was still comparatively well-dressed (good clothes, well cared for, last quite a while), I looked well-fed, there were thousands more needy than I. I "owned my home." These various schemes somehow didn't work out for me.

Each time I went out on a lead and came back discouraged I could see my wife coming to the door to meet me—looking quickly into my face, reading the news there, and as quickly bracing herself for the strength to bear it. Sometimes I feared she couldn't stand much

more, but she seemed to rise from each failure with greater courage than ever. God knows what I should have done without her. Nights when I could not sleep because of my despair, and lay there tossing, she would "just happen" to think of an interesting story or a funny reminiscence to tell me.

The youngsters were the same way—she even had me doing stunts with them every evening. We read a lot together—sometimes I look over at her and catch her looking at me with a glance of aching pity which changes instantly into a little chuckle over some altogether imaginary story. Only once did she give way to her tortured nerves. One night she threw down the paper she was reading and rushed sobbing from the room. I couldn't find out what the trouble was. Five minutes later I picked up the paper and instinctively picked out the article which had upset her. In large headlines I saw "Man Kills Himself Because of Unemployment—Leaves Family."

Occasionally some manager or other will seem all ready to hire me for a mediocre position, then he will ask for my recommendations. Upon reading these, he will say something to the effect, "Oh, you're too good a man for this place—when business picks up you'd leave us for your own class of work. We couldn't hold you here." And out goes another pipe dream.

There has been only one ray of light in the whole situation. On the strength of the passage of the so-called Bonus Bill I have been enabled to borrow enough money to make my house payments and save our home. Ordinarily I should rather have kept my bond intact, but there's the old adage, "Circumstances alter cases."

And so, with the same sheaf of recommendations in my pocket that I had ten months ago, with a lot of perfectly good but indefinite promises for the future, with a good many grocery, milk and coal bills piling up, we are still somehow hanging on. And my collar is still sort of white.

If You're Suing Uncle Sam

(Continued from page 27)

the many war risk insurance suits brought before them.

The United States cannot be sued unless permission is granted by law, and while a veteran cannot sue for compensation unless he can show that the Veterans Bureau in denying his claim acted in a clearly capricious, arbitrary and unreasonable manner, authority to sue for war risk insurance benefits is given him in various acts of Congress dealing with the relief of World War veterans, the latest being an act to amend the Act of 1924, as amended, approved July 3, 1930.

During the past several years a considerable number of disabled veterans, after their claims for insurance payments were rejected by the Veterans Bureau, have availed themselves of this opportunity of presenting such claims to the federal courts. Many of these suits have been won by the veterans, and at the present time several hundred cases are pending. In the event the insured is awarded the decision, the court grants to his attorney a fee not to exceed ten per cent of the amount recovered to be paid out of the funds due the veteran.

Costs of court must also be paid by the veteran, and should the government appeal from a decision unfavorable to it, costs of such appeal are borne by the veteran even though he also wins in the higher court. It is submitted that this is unfair, and that Congress should effect a change.

Before filing suit in the federal court, it is mandatory that the veteran secure a disagreement with the Veterans Bureau. This is done by filing a claim for a rating of total and permanent disability for insurance purposes with the regional

office of the State in which the veteran resides. This application should be accompanied by statements of doctors, affidavits of laymen and other evidence upon which the claim is based. Care should be taken to show when and how the disability originated. It is not necessary to prove that the insured has not worked any at all since his insurance lapsed, because the courts have held that the fact that a veteran was able to hold up under work for several months at intervals will not bar recovery.

Should the regional office reject the claim, the veteran must continue to appeal until he has had a disagreement with General Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans Affairs, Washington, D. C., or someone acting for him. Then suit may be instituted in the federal court for the district in which the veteran resides.

As a general rule, claims against the United States are barred by the lapse of six years, but in the matter of war risk insurance suits Congress has from time to time allowed more time. At present the law provides that no insurance suit shall be allowed unless brought within six years after the right accrued, or within one year after the date of the approval of the Amendatory Act of July 3, 1930. However, this limitation is suspended for the period elapsing between the filing in the Bureau of the claim sued upon and the denial of it by the Administrator. So it is absolutely necessary that the claim be filed with the Bureau prior to July 3, 1931, unless the veteran has been declared incompetent or insane, in which event suit may be brought at any time within three years after removal of his disabilities.

A number of veterans left the service afflicted with diseases which originated while their insurance was still in force, and which caused a gradual decline in health and eventually death within the course of several years. Some of these men left wives, children or other dependents who may be entitled to the benefits of the insurance. Also there are many insane or incompetent veterans whose disabilities came into existence, and matured their insurance policies, before payments of premiums were discontinued.

What has been said in the above paragraphs has had to do largely with veterans who dropped their insurance upon leaving the service. In addition to those, there are a number of disabled ex-service men who have kept their insurance in force by paying premiums, but have not been allowed insurance benefits by the Veterans Bureau for the reason that the officials of that organization do not regard the condition of disability as total and permanent. Any veteran whose insurance is now in force, and who finds his health so impaired that he cannot continuously earn a living, may rightfully consider bringing suit. In the words of the court, in the case of *Wood v. U.S.*, 28 Fed. 771, "I am of the belief that when, by reason of physical or mental disability, the insured is compelled to drop out of the ranks of the workers of the world, and stand by the side of the road and watch the world go by, there is liability under the policy."

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Pershing Tells the World

(Continued from page 26)

next eighteen months, and from this congenital weakness all of them were to suffer. It was not on account of his original orders but in spite of them that Pershing presently cabled back from France his detailed recommendation for an army of a million—to be in France by May, 1918.

What now appears is that this program was turned down. Washington's reply offered but 650,000 men at a later date (June 15th), and even this involved the most optimistic estimate of shipping. As to shipping, no one seriously pretended to the slightest optimism; and at the end of the year, when our troopshipments were hopelessly behind schedule, the result was what all parties had really expected. With this foundered all reasonable prospect of an "independent American army," and during the next six months or so General Pershing had to fight for a mere hypothesis. Had an army been there, no one would have objected to its independence. The trouble was that neither Pershing nor anyone else on his side could deliver it. The principle was quite simple; but without the men or guns or other things necessary for an army it made little difference whether the principle was refused or accepted. That these things were lacking was not Pershing's fault—but was it the fault of his Allies?

This question might very fairly be worked in as a watermark across each of these eight hundred pages. For ten years we have accepted the easy answer, that these Allies should have lent their tonnage more promptly. General Pershing now brings out in print what has long been known as a rumor: while British shipping was being lent for hurrying American infantry overseas, the Shipping Board, oozing with idealism, diverted American vessels to pick up trade in South America. As late as August, 1918, Pershing had to make a personal appeal to Secretary Baker against "these interests."

This single detail serves as a reminder that there are various sides to the story. General Pershing's narrative brings out overwhelmingly the innumerable and baffling difficulties he had to cope with; few men could have held their grip amidst such a tangle; and perhaps no other officer in the end would have achieved a more or less independent American army on the Western Front. But it is a one-man and a one-sided story: as sharply and continuously one-sided as Marshal Foch's recent memoirs. In both books the standpoint is relentlessly narrow and personal and partisan; in both the author is revealed in single-handed battle against a world of enemies.

In 1931 all this makes far from pleasant reading, and to "prove" one side of the case against the rest only sharpens the general unpleasantness. Would it be more useful instead to look for causes?

On our side, at least, one cause was that after wasting five months without a plan, the Government failed in carrying through the plan it had itself chosen. Pershing's first difficulties with the Allies were due directly to this initial failure, and the next steps only perpetuated the trouble. The rushing of infantry to France wrecked any orderly plan for the future, and Clemenceau and Lloyd George exploited the emergency to commit President Wilson to a plan that could not be realized. What was required was a sane and workable proposition—not political stage-effects but an honest reckoning of a military problem—not only troops but guns and supplies and railway material to move them. What burst forth instead were fantastic programs for eighty and a hundred divisions—impossible to deliver, impossible to supply or transport in France if delivered. Clemenceau and Lloyd George were willing to ask for anything; Foch was quite able to believe in such illusions; and no one, on our side was willing to take the responsibility of refusing them.

Outlawed

(Continued from page 9)

"I tell you this lady is my wife!" he yelled, "and I'll not be thrown out of this hotel."

Instantly doors up and down the long hall opened and heads peered out. An audience always thrilled George Milner, so he raced down the hall after the bellhops, crying aloud his fervent intention to throw them down the elevator shaft. When they outdistanced him, he returned to room 1105 and discovered Mr. Brannigan with Mrs. Milner in his bear-like embrace, bent upon dispossessing her in the momentary absence of her paramour. Had he succeeded in doing that, it was Mr. Brannigan's intention to lock them both out in the hall, throw their bags and belongings out to them via the transom and then telephone for the police to come and remove the unwelcome pair from the hotel.

At sight of Mr. Brannigan's activities, George Milner made no move to interfere. Instead he retreated to the hall and waited until, with one mighty heave, Mr. Brannigan threw his wife out of the room. She fell, bumping her head and shoulder against the opposite wall of the hall and lay quite still. Thereupon George Milner turned to the heads thrust out sundry doors.

"You all saw this man assault my wife," he cried. "You all saw this boob

of a house detective use violence on a woman. I have told him she is my wife but he will not believe me. Now, all I ask is that nobody shall interfere while I attend to him."

He did—with neatness and dispatch, and when Mr. Brannigan was hors de combat, George Milner and his wife returned to their room, locked the door and waited. While waiting they dressed and packed their bags.

Presently the room telephone rang and Milner answered it. "This is Mr. Orson, the owner of the St. Swithin," a cool voice assured him. "You appear to have won the first round, Mr. Milner, but you are not going to win the second. I dislike a row of this sort in my hotel. If you will be sensible and depart peaceably I will refrain from overwhelming you by force."

"The lady is my wife and I will not be intimidated," George Milner shouted, and far down the hall a faint ripple of applause testified to the instinct of the average human being to cheer for the under dog.

"Well, then, how does this proposition strike you?" Orson continued. "The front office has just telephoned that a lady with blood in her eye is at the desk, demanding to know if G. W. Milner and wife are registered at this hotel. Shall I

send her up? I think she may be your wife."

George Milner merely laughed at that. "Well, be decent and get out without creating any further disturbance and I'll see to it that she is informed that G. W. Milner and wife are NOT registered here," Mr. Orson urged.

"But we ARE registered here."

"Be sensible, Mr. Milner, be sensible."

"Who are you to challenge my sense? I'll not be intimidated; your tale of a lady at the desk is a fabrication to hide your infernal cowardice. You're afraid to rally your forces and return to the attack."

A click. Patient James Orson had hung up. George Milner turned to Shiela O'Sharon. "This time, light of my life," he assured her smilingly, "we will be thrown out. But we'll go with a sting in our tails. Hurt your head, darling?"

"Certainly not. I'm actress enough to know how to faint, am I not? George, this is delicious—and such publicity for our show! Front-page stuff. We'll sue, of course."

"We certainly shall. I can't conceive what's gotten into the management. Evidently we have been mistaken for somebody else. However, I'm not going to plead or ask questions. We'll stand on our constitutional rights and fight 'em to

a finish. Tough egg, that house flatty. I'll bet anything he returns, leading the counter attack."

Mr. Brannigan did, for the Brannigans of this world are not readily discouraged. Again his ominous thumps resounded on the door, followed by his hoarse command to open. And now Mr. Brannigan had an audience, an audience that came out of its rooms, eagerly curious to observe the outcome of the siege, noting that Mr. Brannigan had a reserve of four bell-hops and four husky porters.

"Open, or I'll bust in the door," roared The Brannigan.

"I defy you," the besieged replied in chorus. A wave of the Brannigan thumb and two hundred and sixty pounds of porter crashed against it. At the third crash the wood around the lock splintered and the attackers surged into the room.

They returned to the hall in the following order: Mr. Brannigan, stalking with great dignity, four porters carrying George Milner, two bell-hops bearing the limp form of Shiela O'Sharon and two bell-hops bearing respectively one suit-case and one small bag. The column entered two elevators and disappeared from the eleventh floor. In the lobby G. W. Milner and wife, of New York City, protested and struggled, while fifty people gazed upon the dreadful scene too amazed to do more than gaze. At the sidewalk Mr. Brannigan thumbed a taxi, and opened the door. Into the interior the porters hurled George Milner and before he could bounce out again the two bell-hops deposited his wife and the baggage in his lap, Mr. Brannigan closed the door, handed the driver a dollar and thumbed him into the traffic.

THE following morning a seedy little man wearing a derby hat presented himself at the door of James Orson's office and demanded to see him. "My business won't take more than two seconds," he explained to Orson's secretary. "I got a summons to serve on him. Folks name o' Milner are suin' him for damages."

James Orson apprised of this, came out smiling affably and accepted the fatal document, returned to his lair and sat down to read it. He was mildly interested. He had been anticipating such a summons.

Suddenly he reached for the telephone and called up his attorney. "Orson speaking, Hotel St. Swithin. Must see you immediately. Come over at once. I'm too agitated to call on you. Good God, man, I'm facing ruin unless we can compromise."

The attorney arrived presently and read the summons. "Hum-m-! Theatrical people, eh? Well-known playwright and actor and his wife well-known actress. Of course they'll use it for publicity and what a raft of it they'll get! This is front-page stuff, Orson. Did you throw them out as undesirables?"

Orson nodded.

"Violently?"

Again Orson nodded.

"And they (Continued on page 44)

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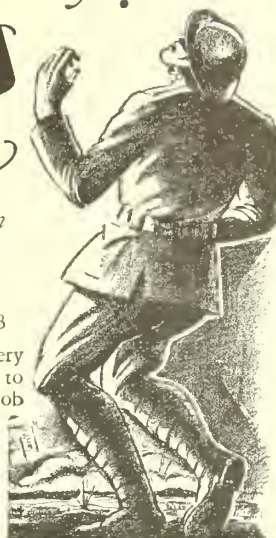
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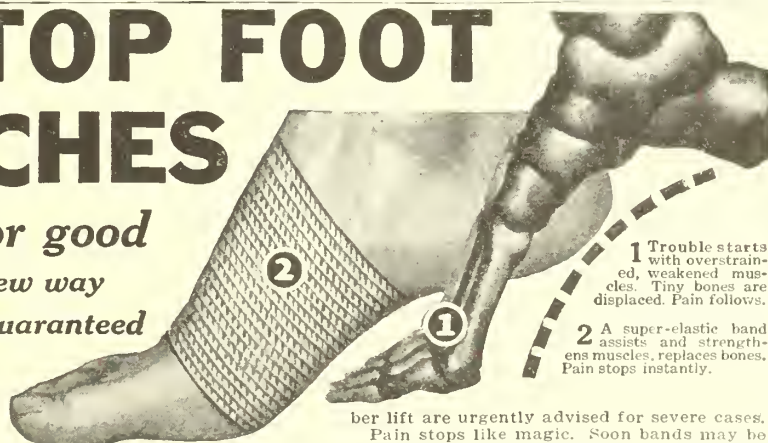
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Outlawed

(Continued from page 43)

protested against this treatment, maintained they were man and wife—in the presence of witnesses?"

For the third time Orson nodded.

"Why did you do it?"

Orson handed his attorney a typewritten transcript of his stenographer's notes of the conversation overheard through the transom of room 1105. When the latter had perused it carefully he sent for Mr. Brannigan.

"When you were first admitted to room 1105, Brannigan, did you observe whether the Milners had anything in their hands."

"Yes, sir. They each held something that looked like a manuscript."

"It is as I thought. Undoubtedly your late guests of room 1105 are Mr. and Mrs. George W. Milner and undoubtedly they can produce a marriage certificate in court, even though they were unable to produce it in room 1105. Mr. Milner is the author of one of those new bedroom dramas that are all the rage this year. His play is entitled Room No. 9 and it opens at the Majestic tomorrow. As an inveterate first-nighter I have seats for it. Mr. Milner also plays the lead in his play and Miss Shiela O'Sharon, his wife, plays the lead opposite him. I am convinced that what you listened to, Brannigan, and you, Mr. Orson, was these two talented artists rehearsing a scene from their play."

Messrs. Orson and Brannigan bounded to their feet in profound agitation. "Then, why the devil didn't they say so?" Brannigan demanded.

"Why should they explain to you? Did you explain to them? Did you tell them the suspicious lines you had overheard?"

"I'm afraid I didn't," Mr. Brannigan replied, much subdued. "When I feel I got the goods on anybody I just gives 'em the bum's rush."

"Brannigan," said James Orson severely, "You're an utter ass. You're fired."

"All right, boss," Mr. Brannigan replied briskly. "I'm fired. Fired for actin' cautious, for gettin' you an' a lot of witnesses on the job, for obeyin' orders, for takin' a first-class lickin' from this bozo. I'm fired, eh? Well, you can bet your roll I'll make a first-class witness for the prosecution. Gimme my salary to date an' I'll go."

"I spoke hastily, Brannigan," James Orson soothed him. "Retain your job."

"Thanks," said The Brannigan icily.

The attorney took down the telephone and called up George W. Milner's attorneys. To them he explained whose attorney he was. "I think I can assure you," he went on affably, "that this case can be settled amicably out of court. Before you file your affidavit of service I wish you would be good enough to withdraw your suit. If, a little later, you are dissatisfied with our attitude, you can file it again and Mr. Orson will present himself at your office and accept service. What we first desire to do is to

meet Mr. and Mrs. George W. Milner and inspect their marriage certificate. This being in order, Mr. Orson, on behalf of himself and the hotel corporation, will tender them an apology; after that Mr. Orson will explain the extraordinary circumstances which contributed to this regrettable incident, and I feel quite assured that, following his explanation, your clients will view this matter in a sporty light and greatly reduce the amount they claim as damages to their reputations, feelings, persons, etc. I assure you, gentlemen, this case has most unusual aspects."

George W. Milner's attorneys were the sort who lean backward in an effort to keep their clients out of court, and accordingly a meeting was arranged in James Orson's office. Promptly Orson made a handsome apology, after having inspected the marriage certificate; then he read his visitors the record of the conversation he had overheard through the transom. "You will admit, Mr. Milner," he ended, "that this conversation was not only highly suspicious, but absolutely—er—ah—convincing."

"We were rehearsing our parts in our play," George W. Milner replied merrily. "So that was what got your Mr. Brannigan all worked up, was it? Well, we can understand it now, and the suit will be withdrawn. We have no desire to oppress you, just because we have you at a decided disadvantage. That wouldn't be sporty, you know. Neither Mrs. Milner nor I are in the blackmailing business. While I was forced to assimilate a few hearty pokes from the estimable Mr. Brannigan, I believe that on the whole I gave Mr. Brannigan far more than he gave me—and enjoyed the go more than I can say. I require no financial balm for my personal injuries and neither does my wife. And we will not, as you seem to fear, use the incident to press-agent ourselves or our play."

"This," said James Orson, "is the most magnificent action I have ever encountered during twenty odd years in the hotel business. I am at a loss for words to express my appreciation, Mr. Milner—and you too, Mrs. Milner. And I should be additionally grateful because this is certainly going to teach me to be sure I'm right hereafter before I go ahead. I remember, when I was managing the first hotel in which I was an owner. It was in a little town called Las Flores, in California. A woman—"

"Oh, are you James Orson, of Las Flores, California?" George W. Milner interrupted interestedly. "Formerly proprietor of the Inn there? By George, come to look at you more closely, you are. I was a little boy of ten when you sold out your interest, but I have a faint recollection of you. Perhaps you remember my father. He was in the harness and saddlery business there. He has been dead nearly twenty years, and he died broke. He was always a trusting man without any notion of business."

James Orson swallowed twice—rapidly. “Yes, I remember your excellent father quite well. What a remarkable coincidence.” He turned to his attorney. “I imagine you will prefer to draw up a release for us in this matter for Mr. and Mrs. Milner to sign. Mere formality, you know,” he added, beaming on his visitors. “It can be mailed to your attorneys and I wish you would both sign it before a notary public. Meanwhile, I want you both to be the guests of the St. Swithin during your stay in New York. Will you be good enough to accompany me while I show you the suite I have in mind for you?”

“Certainly,” George W. Milner murmured, and followed Orson out into the lobby, where he paused. “The note,” he said, “is in the files of my father’s old attorney in Las Flores. I will wire him to wire me the date of it and the date of the last interest payment. The rate of interest is eight per cent, compounded quarterly for something like twenty years. My mother can use the money nicely and I take it, Mr. Orson, that you

haven’t the slightest objection to paying it in full.”

James Orson bowed affirmatively. He could not speak.

“I’ll have my attorneys figure it out. It will be a fearfully difficult task for a mere actor, Mr. Orson. They will communicate with you at the proper time and if, then, they may have your certified check to the order of Mary F. Milner, you will receive a release of any and all claims against you of any nature whatsoever to date, together with the note marked ‘Paid in full.’”

“That will be acceptable,” Orson managed to articulate. “You are very kind. And you will guarantee no publicity?”

“Absolutely. Publicity would ruin this fine hotel. Of course you never meant to give us a suite gratis. I realized that was your excuse to get us out of your office before I talked too much. You are very adroit, Mr. Orson, but if I may hazard a small criticism, you talk too much. I have known men who waxed rich, largely because they kept their mouths shut. Good-afternoon.”

Suffering Snakes

(Continued from page 13)

they are hardly likely to possess it. All of them should be taught, however, the differences among snakes, and the peril of the venomous species should never be minimized. It is not to be gathered that children should be encouraged to handle reptiles as playthings—far from it—but simply that they should not be filled with an unreasoning and utterly erroneous fear of them.

If there are many variations and even paradoxes in nature, there are also some striking parallels. Of these, the similarity between snakes and birds of prey cannot be overlooked. Both are regarded with aversion and animosity by mankind; both are condemned as a class because of the bad reputation of a few individual species; both are shot, hounded and persecuted at every opportunity and in each case undeservedly so. Therein lies the pity. Ignorance and superstition are said to be two of the greatest forces for evil in existence, and in no phase of nature are these two qualities more vividly manifest than in regard to the birds of prey and snakes, more particularly the latter.

Indeed, the ignorance, or perhaps misinformation about snakes is amazing. That people who should know better can countenance the ridiculous statements so often made in regard to their habits is something to wonder at. Some of these fallacies are really laughable and at least make interesting reading. Many shrink from the thought of touching a snake as the limit of lunacy. The touching of some snakes undoubtedly is such if the handler is not aware of what he is handling, but the danger attendant on handling a harmless snake is nil. Snakes are thought by many people to be cold and slimy. Cold they are, but not slimy; no more so than a bird or an animal. The forked tongue of snakes

is not a “poison sting”—it is simply a very sensitive organ which fulfils an additional function to that of the human tongue in that snakes hear by it. So thoroughly attuned is it to sound vibrations that impulses are transmitted by it in the same manner as sounds are conducted to the human ear. Snakes are supposed to be capable of “charming” their victims, which is not so true as is the fact that small birds and animals become so frightened at the close proximity of a snake that their temporary inability to get away results fatally.

One of the most persistent fallacies abroad in the land is that of the “hornsnake.” Any of the common serpents which possess a hardened tip to the tail come under this term, but the hornsnake, as such, is non-existent. However, one will hear the most emphatic statements to the contrary from “eyewitnesses.” The “hornsnake” is popularly supposed to have an ancient grudge against trees, and kills them at every opportunity, which must be frequent. A friend of the writer’s who was once conducting a nature column in a newspaper received an account from a man who said that while on his way to church one morning, he saw a hornsnake pierce the bark of a large tree, and when he was on the way back from church, he noticed that the tree was quite dead! So confident was this observer that he actually offered to and did send a specimen of this reptile to the newspaper office. It turned out to be a large garter snake. Almost as widespread is the “glass-snake” fable. When attacked or handled, these reptiles frequently lose portions of the tail, which they snap off of their own will. It is believed that, when left alone, they back up to these pieces and join them on again. Very interesting, of course. (Continued on page 46)



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Suffering Snakes

(Continued from page 45)

except that it is not so. Added to this may be mentioned the fact that the subject is not a snake at all, but a legless lizard. It is true that the mutilated tail will grow again, but imperfectly, just as do the legs of crabs when broken off.

No account of the misinformation prevalent about snakes would be complete if mention of the hog-nosed snake were eliminated. Only one attribute accurately describes this absolutely harmless, but thoroughly terrifying looking serpent. That attribute is bluff, and it should be spelled with capital letters. Bluff is a quality dear to the heart of many human beings, but the hog-nosed snake depends upon it for life itself, together with one other characteristic, that of feigning death.

Because of its abundance it is frequently seen, therefore one hears of "spreading adders," "blowing vipers" and garden "rattlers." All of these are one and the same, the hog-nosed. To one unfamiliar with the snake, it is but natural that it should impart a dangerous impression, for it presents a really frightful appearance with the neck much flattened, the head, triangular in shape, held menacingly and the sharp hissing seeming to denote a deadly creature. It will strike, too, but if watched closely, will be seen to do so with *closed* jaws. Indeed, it is all but impossible to make a hog-nosed snake bite anything. Repeated handling of many by the writer, during years of museum work, has resulted in the same experience as that of others—never has a single snake struck with open jaws. Not that harm would result if he had, no more so than from the prick of a needle but—they simply do not bite. Those who have been alarmed at the presence of these serpents about their yards, therefore, should regard them in a different light; they feed almost entirely on toads and frogs, with the former as the favorite, so their economic status becomes at once valuable. It is not a large snake; one of three feet is good sized, and their coloration is a mixture of pale brownish or gray, the back marked with darker splashes and the belly with black spots. They may always be known by the distinct up-turn of the snout, whence comes their common name.

Among the poisonous snakes we find fables also, and because some snakes are poisonous, the whole family is condemned. The age of a rattlesnake is popularly believed to correspond in years to the number of rattles, but this is most emphatically an error. They are said to eject their venom in streams at their prey—a trick they do not indulge in. The ringhals, one of the South African cobras, does this at times, but not rattlesnakes. Though many rattlers do rattle before striking, more do not. Most of the specimens encountered in the Carolina low country by the writer have been completely silent, not even rattling when teased with a stick. The rattles

themselves appear at each shedding of the skin, one for every shedding, and since this performance is undergone two or three times a year, it is fairly accurate to count three rattles as one year of age. They are easily broken off in rough country and it will readily be seen that the counting of one for a year is extremely inaccurate.

There is a persistent belief that rattlesnakes will commit suicide by striking themselves. Only recently the writer noted an account in a newspaper which stated that a large rattler had been cornered by a game warden and as the latter attacked it with rocks the snake, seeing that escape was impossible, deliberately struck itself in the body and committed suicide rather than suffer death at the man's hands! An interesting and touching story with but one objection—rattlesnakes are immune to their own venom.

It is a strange fact that all snakes seen by the uninformed, even if but for a moment, are invariably rattlesnakes. If there were as many of these serpents in existence as are reported daily during the summer months in this country the woods would literally be full of them. We are too ready to jump at conclusions in the reptile world, as we are in other things. It comes back to the old story that any snake is a despicable villain and should be killed at sight. Should it?

Now for the facts. Snakes were put into the world for a very definite purpose, and that purpose is the keeping in check of various rodents and other destructive forms of life which, if left to increase naturally and without limitation, would soon overrun the earth. If it were not for wildcats, foxes and other furbearers, rabbits would be so numerous in this country that we would be faced with the same problems that confront Australia and certain of the Pacific Islands. If it were not for snakes, together with hawks and owls, we would be in the midst of a plague of rats and mice. Not, let it be understood, a plague of house rats and house mice, but of the scores of species of native North American rodents which inhabit the woods and fields.

Like the beneficial hawks, which suffer from the activities of such of their kin as the darters, the beneficial snakes come under condemnation because of the fear implanted in the human mind by the deadly rattlesnakes, moccasins, cobras and others. The chicken snakes, the corn snakes, the black snakes and many more are killed because they are snakes and for no other reason. The writer holds no brief for poisonous serpents, no more than he does for the injurious hawks. The former are distinctly dangerous to human life and should be let severely alone by those who do not know them, but if unlimited killing of them is endorsed, the same result will follow as occurs when injurious hawks are killed by any and everybody. Any

hawk or snake seen will, automatically, be a bad one and the innocent will suffer with the guilty.

Few people take the trouble to find out anything about snakes, but there are those who should certainly do so, notably sportsmen and farmers. Sportsmen everywhere are willing to talk about and listen to the subject of conservation; on it depends their future sport, and snakes play an important part in it. Again, though it is difficult to make them believe it, snakes are the farmer's friends. How is it, they ask, that snakes are beneficial when they kill chickens, take eggs and commit other depredations? Yes, some snakes do take chickens and eggs. But for one chicken taken by a snake, how many rats are killed? That is something which is rarely considered.

An experience of Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, the country's leading authority on reptiles, will not be out of place just here. He was once on a farm, doing some collecting, and noted that rats were present in very large numbers. They had, in fact, been cutting into the farmer's profits for some time to an alarming extent. Noting that some snakes were about also, and that a discovery of any was promptly followed by its killing, Dr. Ditmars ventured a mild protest as he saw that the serpents were of beneficial species. His protest was greeted by ill-concealed ridicule. Determined to prove his point, he asked that he be allowed to dissect the snakes killed on the farm, and this was granted. In almost every case each snake contained either a full-grown rat or several small ones. When asked if such absolute evidence did not convince him that he was making a mistake in killing them, the farmer showed an amazing state of mind by replying that a snake was nothing but a snake, and fit only to be killed. A wonderful example of the saying that "eyes have they, but they see not."

Of interest to sportsmen should be the fact that cotton-rats are inveterate en-

emies of quail. Exhaustive research has proved that they are in the forefront of the causes which militate against these game birds. Cotton-rats are the favorite food of many snakes. The misnamed chicken snake, like its feathered fellow sufferer, the chicken hawk, is a wonderful ratter. It is a handsome, colubrine serpent of yellowish hue, having four dark bands running the length of its body. A better name than chicken snake is four-banded coluber. Often found about poultry houses, they are killed promiscuously and regularly, for they are supposed to be the enemies of fowls when, in reality, they are on the search for rats and mice which are attracted by the grain bins and corn cribs. These snakes do occasionally take chickens, but they capture a hundred rats to one fowl.

The coach-whip snake, popularly supposed to hunt human beings with a view to lashing them to death with its tail, devours numbers of mice. The common name of this serpent is derived from the likeness of the tip of the tail to a braided whiplash. The corn snake all but lives on mice; the well-known black snake eats small mammals of various sorts. The handsome king snake, sometimes called chain snake because of its black and white markings, evinces a fondness for rats, mice and lizards. Unique in being immune to the venom of rattlesnakes and moccasins, this serpent can and does overpower these deadly creatures and is enough of a cannibal to enjoy internally the results of its victories. So, in addition to destroying rats and mice, it also destroys venomous reptiles, thus making itself doubly valuable.

Such small snakes as the green snakes are fond of insect prey. Caterpillars, crickets, grasshoppers and spiders are devoured freely. Every farmer knows what damage may result from inroads by insect pests. The menace of the insect kingdom today is looming ever larger, and here again we find a natural enemy to them in the snakes.

Two Miles High and a Good Risk

(Continued from page 17)

trips around the world at the equator.

So it is not at all a small industry which now confronts the insurance companies of this country with demands for insurance. Approximately three-fourths of a billion dollars is invested in American aviation. This capital provided transportation for 3,527,000 passengers in 1929—an approximate figure, by the way. The nation has 32,011 miles of airway, 13,823 miles of which are lighted for night flying.

Given the same governmental assistance in navigation of the air as ships are given along our coasts, air travel will become correspondingly safer. Don't forget, if you compare aviation with waterborne commerce, that coastwise and even deep-sea traffic benefits from innumerable lighthouses, beacons, spindles and buoys, from elaborate organizations to make maps, to chart the seas and the weather, and from the life-saving service

of the Coast Guard. Give aviation equal assistance and advantages and there will be a beacon on every hilltop, a lighthouse on every mountain, beacons leading to every landing field, and a landing field in every hamlet along every airway.

Apparently the aviation industry has gone ahead of its groundwork. On June 30, 1930, there were 9,773 licensed and identified aircraft in this country, of which 1,119 were in New York, 1,082 in California, 525 in Illinois; Nevada, least in population, had eight. California led easily in licensed pilots of all classes with 2,635, New York had 1,608, Nevada had eleven. There were 187 gliders in California alone, 112 in Michigan, 108 in Colorado.

Unfortunately, statistical records of the amazing growth of the air industry are incomplete and unavailable. They came only with Federal and State regulation, a matter (Continued on page 48)

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Two Miles High and a Good Risk

(Continued from page 47)

of the last few years. The Regulation Division of the Department of Commerce has been organized only three years, yet during those three years 81,340 physical examinations were made, of which more than half, 43,902, were made during the fiscal year of 1930.

The problem of calculating the future growth of aviation is akin to the problem of a telephone company in calculating the growth of a town like Miami, which was an unknown village within our own century. It is probable, however, that this country is on the way to lead in three major fields of aviation: military, commercial and research. Two recent experiments tend to justify this prophecy.

In one of them, Captain Hawks demonstrated that we may cross the country, from coast to coast, in approximately half a day. By air, he brought Los Angeles closer to New York than is Cleveland by rail. His flying time for the trip was eleven hours and forty minutes; his total elapsed time, including stops, was twelve hours, twenty-five minutes and three seconds. In the future, you may breakfast in Los Angeles and dine in New York, or even Boston.

The other experiment has to do with blind flying. The Army, the Navy and some of our finest commercial transport operators are conducting experiments with instruments as the only guides of the pilots. Captain Arthur Page of the Marine Corps, enclosed in a hooded cockpit, flew from Omaha to Washington, making stops for fuel at Chicago and Cleveland, and he never saw the ground or the sky. He made his own take-offs, although the landings were made by Lieutenant Guyman from an open cockpit in the same plane.

In addition to the multiplicity of instruments to make the plane itself secure, we now have such external aids to navigation as the radio beacon and air-markings over localities. Navigation instruments are being perfected, motors are being perfected, design is being perfected. We can't perfect the weather, but we are making it more reliable by finding out more exactly what it is going to do.

Still, the life insurance industry must be cautious. It is not a new industry, but older than aeronautics by a century or so. Its greatest difficulty is to keep pace with the astonishing growth of the newer industry. Recently, however, has come assurance that the insurance world has caught its breath and is about to take a second wind.

It has discovered, for example, that the aeronautics industry presents two divisions of people asking for insurance. At first glance, it would appear that aviation is growing hazardous according to its growth, but analysis of available statistics shows that this is not true of all varieties of air transport. During the first six months of 1929, airplanes flew more than 56,000,000 miles, having 128

fatal accidents, or an average of 442,530 miles per fatal accident. This for all the industry. During the first six months of 1930, flying 68,669,028 miles, planes had 150 fatal accidents, or a mileage of 457,800 on the average. This is only mildly encouraging. But if you subtract the record of scheduled air transport from the total record, you get an entirely different figure, just as you will get an entirely different figure for deaths by water if you subtract the record of trans-Atlantic passenger liners from the total, which includes the boat-rockers and speed-maniacs.

Over our scheduled air transport lines, we flew 9,201,338 miles in the first six months of 1929, having nine fatal accidents, or a mileage of 1,022,371 to the death. During the corresponding period of 1930, scheduled air liners flew 16,902,728 miles and had only six fatalities, a mileage of 2,817,121.

Even if you include in your statistics the most trifling accidents, a person flying as a paying passenger in early 1930 would have traveled an average of 384,152 miles without mishap of any kind. It would be unfair to group such paying passengers—patrons of the established lines—with all other flyers. It would be no less unfair than to compare the life expectancy of a passenger aboard the *Europa* with that of a man rounding Cape Horn in a windjammer.

Insurance, before assigning you a premium rate, must ascertain your probable expectancy of life. If you are a poor risk, either insurance is denied you or an additional premium must be charged, the size of it depending on your occupational or physical liability to disaster.

Obviously, a man who can fly regularly in airplanes for 40,000 miles a year for 35 years is just an ordinary sort of risk. Consequently, some life-insurance companies already recognize him as a good risk, and accept him at standard rates.

Ten years ago as a possible flier you could buy no insurance that I can discover. Five years ago, if you told an agent that you intended to take an airplane trip, or intended to learn to fly, you would get no insurance. Today it is possible to buy insurance, without extra premiums, and yet fly regularly—still with the qualification that you will be a passenger on a recognized air line. Thus a few insurance companies now recognize that air transportation compares favorably with any sort of transportation. Sooner or later this recognition will become general.

But the demands of aviation on insurance do not stop there. Having disposed of the passengers, we come to a yard full of bad boys. The rest of the air industry is more difficult to pigeon-hole.

Roughly, the rest of the industry will include pilots, students, instructors, airport operators, mechanics. The risks of

these classifications vary widely. Certainly the air-transport pilot is safer at the moment than the chap who is dusting off cotton-fields in the South, or surveying timber in the North woods.

So among pilots, further distinctions must be made. We discover them roughly in three classifications—military, commercial and research. The risks of military aviation are most easily ascertained. Most companies, I believe, have determined rates by which military fliers can be assured.

In commercial aviation are still more classifications. The solidly founded commercial aviation company offers perhaps a minimum of risk. But commercial also is the flier who takes you up for so much a ride. Here both pilot and passenger assume proportionately larger risks, perhaps.

In research aviation, we come to the most difficult statistics to acquire and to compile. The list includes test pilots and stunt fliers, and on the whole it includes many bad risks. But no matter what variety of flying is done, there is still another classification concerned with the industry—that of the ground man. His risks are likely to go up or down with the pilot's, although it may be in less degree.

The actuarial statistics, therefore, to be fair must first classify the applicant for statistics according to whether he will be engaged in military, commercial or research aviation, then whether he will be pilot, passenger or groundman.

But here another difficulty enters. Actuarial groupings are calculated by the thousand. Before insurance can arrive at its costs, it must have enough of what is called "spread." The greater the number insured where there is a common hazard, the greater is the division of hazard among them. At present, the spread is not very great in many fields of aeronautics. Consequently, a company cannot insure enough individuals in some branches to make the process a safe procedure.

Then, too, other hazards must be calculated—sex, occupation, marital state, the probable amount of flying, physical condition. In this last connection, I have been privileged for several years to study people who wanted to fly. Of 931 applicants whom I examined, 756 were acceptable as potential fliers. Seventy were questionable, and were generally rejected after re-examination. There

were 30 women. Of both sexes, 150 were under twenty years of age, 544 between twenty-one and thirty, 191 between thirty-one and forty, 33 between forty-one and fifty, four between fifty-one and fifty-six. I found that 131 of them were already connected with aviation, and that the next largest number were skilled laborers. The number decreased according to the amount of cultural education required for the applicant's trade or profession—with some exceptions, of course. Thus there were 86 clerks, but only 31 executives; 38 farmers, but only 15 professional men; there were 65 salesmen, one military officer; 52 automobile mechanics, three professional entertainers; thirty-four chauffeurs, four newspaper workers. Apparently the men of the most initiative whose occupations might offer little for the future in view of educational handicaps recognized in the new air industry an opportunity to grow up in a business where formal technical education is possessed by few.

The occupation of the would-be flier is always important. For instance, a newspaper reporter seeking a license may be sent out to pick up news of a disaster—a flood, a forest fire, or even a war. He would be a poor risk. The marital status of a man is important also; a married man would be expected to fly less, and to take fewer chances.

I could go on endlessly with questions which should be asked the flier or the potential flier. But not all the questions can be answered from statistics, either. It will be years, perhaps generations, before insurance will have universal aeronautical data.

Insurance is not reluctant to insure the aeronautics hazard, only conservative. Before long, nothing will be thought of insuring the air-traveling public, but they are not all the fliers.

It is reasonable to expect that we can reduce the air hazard. But it is unreasonable to expect that our air transportation ever will be without accident. But we already have found that the passengers on scheduled air liners compare as risks with the passengers on oceanic liners.

Of course the classification for some fliers may be negative, when finally it is determined. But then, the foremost hand on a disreputable coastwise schooner, beating up and down the Maine headlands in all sorts of weather, could not buy insurance either.

When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 25)

constant reports of each need as it is foreseen or arises, and to have every change made in hospitals that should be."

MUCH time was occupied over the amount of air space that a soldier had in the cantonments. That brought up the old issue between the Medical Corps and the line. After the cantonments were started the Medical Corps complained that there was not enough air space. A group of eminent medical experts in

civil life, such as Dr. Mayo and Dr. Welch, in consultation with Dr. Martin of the Advisory Commission of the Council of National Defense, decided that it was inadvisable to try to make a change when construction was already under way. The original idea had been that the National Guard being in tents would have ample air space, but the figures showed that there had been more sickness under canvas than in the wooden cantonments. (Continued on page 50)

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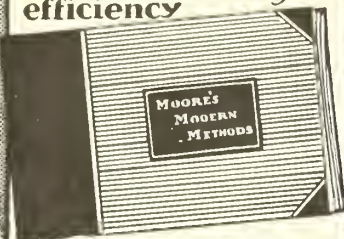
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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 49)

From four to six hours for three days the hearings continued, Baker returning from each session to catch up with his routine work for the day. He had to meet questions and cross-questions in all the range of the War Department's activities, which included all the kinds of peace production and the many kinds of new production which the war required. He must know the state of progress in every munition factory and in spruce production in the forests of the Pacific Northwest, and be familiar with every contract of any kind that had been made. Senators, who knew wool, cotton, leather, or any kind of manufacturing from expert study of schedules in forming tariff bills, quizzed him about technical details in the making of blankets, uniforms, underclothing, shoes, and other items. He had to explain how motor truck drivers were being trained and artillery being trained in France; the mechanism of rifles, machine guns, and of the complicated recuperator of the French field gun; the difference between the oil and spring systems of gun recoil; why cantonnments were built in certain localities, and about the use of wool scraps, and how wool was worked in the weaving, and the cause of railroad delays and the duties of the British Minister of Munitions. He brought blueprints and charts to show the Committee systems of organization, how accounts were kept, and how progress in production was tabulated.

The questions by Senators did not always harmonize, nor did their views. But this was in order in the course of discussion looking for the truth. When one Senator said that he had seen men at the camps without uniform another corrected him by saying that the man might just have arrived at the camp and not been outfitted yet. One Senator thought that Baker had been too considerate of the National Guard and another that he had not been considerate enough. One Senator thought he had ordered too many things and another that he had not ordered enough. One thought he had consulted men of business experience too little and another that he had consulted them too much. There was an occasional tilt to enliven the war-sober proceedings.

"Senator Weeks: If you are looking for a man to make contracts, you ought to employ a lawyer."

"Secretary Baker: Oh, quite the contrary—quite the contrary."

"Senator Wadsworth: Right you are."

"Senator Weeks: I tell you when I want a contract drawn I hire a lawyer."

"Secretary Baker: I am a lawyer and I do not want to make any reflections on my union, but what we lawyers always want to have clients tell us is what they want put in the contract. They think it and we pen it."

"Senator Weeks: You will be unpopular with the lawyers' union, even if you are popular with all others."

"Secretary Baker: I seem to get so little chance to practice at my trade that they may be less important than otherwise."

Senator Weeks wanted to know why the camps had not yet received the two hundred and forty motor trucks to which each division was entitled. Again the answer was that they would not be required until the division moved to France. But did not motor truck drivers need training? Baker replied that forty thousand were receiving special training at Black Point.

Senator Hitchcock inquired if there had not been any consideration given to providing hot food for the men in the trenches. There had been. All the devices proposed had been submitted to General Pershing, who knew best the systems in Europe, and his decision was awaited.

When Baker's concern over good working conditions for women and children in factories was cited as a cause of delay in production, Senator Wadsworth called the attention of the Committee to the fact that in his State the law prevented the sweatshop system of the unhealthy lofts to which reference had been made.

Only once did Baker make any protest under the three days' fire as he was jumped from one subject to another. Then he said quietly, "Different things in different places, sir." Not once did he lose his temper, not once was he even ruffled. And no Senator lost his temper. The whole was held to a dignified plane.

Once Baker seemed to be in a whimsical mood. It was in response to criticism of the Depot Quartermaster in New York as not being open to suggestions or giving time to important callers. Baker said the Quartermaster would not be able to see everybody who wanted to see him if he had a fifty-hour day.

"He is a very busy man—busier than I am," Baker remarked.

"Busier than you are?" asked Senator Weeks.

"I am sure he is. He deals with a vast mass of detail which I deal with from a supervisory point of view."

When Baker was asked if the different chiefs and commanders were doing the best that possibly could be done, he replied, "There are too many people in the world. I do not know."

He cast no reflection upon other departments of the Government for delays. He did not pass the buck to subordinates or Allies. There was no intimation of all the embarrassment to War Department plans through the change in the Allied demands and attitude, the changes and unexpected quantity of requisitions from the A.E.F. and all the fresh burdens that had come as a result of the Caporetto disaster and the twenty-four-division plan. In face of Senatorial intimations that the Germans knew all that we were doing he refused to make any disclosures which would break faith with the Allies' demand, and our Army's demand, for se-

crecy, as personally repugnant as all forms of censorship were to him. What was a Secretary of War for?

His optimism, too, was a part of his task. If a general, a colonel, a captain, a sergeant may never let down with the slightest skepticism as to the complete success of a coming attack, or if a football coach may not send his team on the field in a defeatist mood, a Secretary of War may be no exception to the rule. Philosophy has a small part in waging war.

Baker's critics on the committee, who had expected a lisping, halting exposition, had revised their views of him in one respect. He had proved himself to be at least a disarming and a masterful witness. Supporting public opinion thought his answers had been fully convincing, an exposition of magnificent achievement. Hostile opinion saw him as admitting errors, as too content in his optimism. It is worth while to quote Baker's personal attitude toward the hearings in a letter to Judge Westenhaver on January 17, 1918:

"I don't think those who criticize the 'delays' of the War Department have any other than a patriotic purpose. Indeed, I share their feelings of deep anxiety to speed our preparation along and bring the full strength of America to bear to end this conflict successfully, and I share too their impatience to get rid of all fretting causes of delay. The only difference between them and me, I think, is that, having been busy at the infinite detail of the undertaking for a long time, I have a better realization of the fact that some delays are inherent in the very size and difficulty of the task; and the only thought I come out with is the prayer that my strength will not prove insufficient and that I will not allow my mind to be closed to any suggestion of betterment or helpfulness from any quarter."

And on January 23, 1918, he was writing to Westenhaver:

"To the outsider or the inexperienced it seems easy to put out the less efficient and put in the more efficient; but the turmoil which would have followed any civilian who would act rashly with an organization as traditional and specialized as the Army would have been tremendous, and, after all, there are really few people in the country who could with any confidence have been expected to have all the qualities needed for success in a task requiring not only industrial experience but the knowledge of the Army and of military matters in addition. So I have gone on supplementing and gradually replacing until a more modern group are now practically in control, and neither the Army nor the country feel, so far as I know, that I have presumed to disregard experienced men. The investigations before the Senate Committee seem to me on the whole beneficial."

He referred to the ill-will represented by a certain Senator "who is quite impossibly small and nurses a grievance at my having refused his improper requests." And then continued:

"There is the usual amount of ineptitude

represented by several of the Senators who do not know the long and patient preparation necessary to prepare a plant to turn out new things in quantity, and who accordingly think the whole thing is to be disposed of by a surprised look at such slowness. There is, too, the usual eager rush of disappointed contractors and inventors to testify that their merits were overlooked either from inertia or favoritism. But when it is all said and done, the showing is not bad and if the whole truth could be told, which it cannot, the showing would be very good. There are diplomatic reasons why much cannot be told; the French and English surpluses of artillery which they want to exchange for steel billets but do not want to be talked about; the difficulties we have had with labor questions which it would be unwise and controversial to mention; the very great embarrassment over price; the questions of priority, as between the Allies' needs and our own—all of these have at times been mountains of difficulty, and perhaps the greatest thing we have done at all is the negative thing of our not raising rows. . . . Now is not the time to have a public dispute, so I simply ask the Senators when they talk with me privately to beat the Germans first and then beat me if I still seem to deserve it."

That "negative thing of our not raising rows!" There were always rows enough without raising them as all the nation's effort drove pell-mell for the bottle neck. More rows would not promote national harmony of war spirit. Some peace was necessary in the War Department in order to make successful war.

Meanwhile, Senator Chamberlain had become the spokesman of the crusade against Baker and the war administration. In a speech in New York on January 18th he said:

"The military establishment of America has fallen down. There is no use to be optimistic about a thing that does not exist. It has almost stopped functioning. Why? Because of inefficiency in every department of the Government of the United States."

He followed this by an attack lasting three hours on the floor of the Senate.

"Poor bleeding France, my friends—bled white, not only for her own life and for the liberty of her own citizens but for America as well—is today furnishing our troops as they arrive in France the necessary heavy ordnance and the machine guns for aircraft and for ground service.

"You Senators know that there are soldiers along the Atlantic seaboard who ought to have gone to France six weeks or two months ago. They do not go. Why is it? At Mineola there were a lot of Oregon and other brave boys who went from a Southern encampment to that bleak and barren place, and where some of them were kept for over a month in extremely cold weather, not sufficiently clad, and without the comforts that camp life ought to have furnished them, waiting to get over. There must be something wrong somewhere."

It is needless (Continued on page 52)



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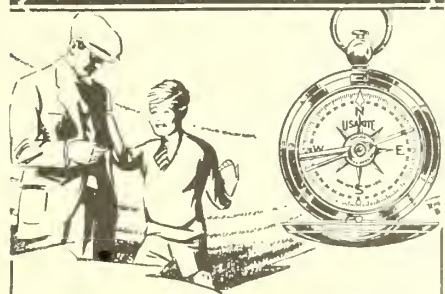


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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 51)

to mention that the winter storms as well as the lack of shipping had delayed the departure of the soldiers from the Senator's State, soldiers who in common with their fellows were accepting their part gamely in that period when we were straining every effort to meet the call of Pershing and the Allies for man-power to meet the coming spring drive of the Germans.

President Wilson answered Chamberlain in a powerful letter defending the War Department; but that did not stay the agitation against Baker. Many of the President's followers said that he did not know the real conditions in the War Department; he did not realize that he was leaning on a weak reed. The whispering gallery had gone beyond "Pansy" as a nickname for Baker. It was calling him "Newty Cooty." The call was for "a strong man to drive things." A "he-man," a superman, "a butcher and not a Baker."

The whispering gallery was certain that Baker would have to go. President Wilson could not retain him in face of the tide of opinion that was seen to be rising against him. Political philosophers said the time had come for a "scapegoat" and destiny had set the part for Baker. Would he relieve the President's embarrassment by resigning? Not under fire. Resignation now was in a different category from when he offered it a year ago. Nor was his resignation wanted by the President. When Baker read Chamberlain's speech it apparently affected his serenity no more than other criticism. But not so, not inwardly, after further attacks from many quarters. He made another prompt decision in his undemonstrative way and in character with his "fighting jaw." On the previous occasion his part before the Senate Committee had been as a witness summoned to answer questions. Now it was he who asked for a hearing, to which as many people as the Senators chose might listen. His real audience was the nation.

THIS time he had no prepared statement. Before he went to the Capitol he drew a sheet of paper from the rack on his desk. On it he wrote his heads, and at the bottom the question, "What more can we do?" He was facing Chamberlain and all his critics in that tense moment when the War Department and the Administration's conduct of the war was at stake. The transcript of his extempore talk is as it was taken down by the stenographer for the *Congressional Record* of January 28th, and never corrected by Baker or one of his assistants. There is space in The American Legion Monthly for only a few excerpts which express the temper of what he said.

"... For one reason and another the impression has gone out into the country, to some extent at least, that the War Department has fallen down in addressing itself to the task of conducting this war. I want to address myself to that question.

... The country is entitled to know what this war is, what its problems are, and what steps have been taken to meet these problems. ... It would have been a tragic thing if this tremendous effort, this wholly unprecedented sacrifice were, in fact, to turn out to deserve the comment that it had fallen down.

"I have not the least doubt that such currency as that feeling has gotten is due in large part to the tremendous impatience of the American people to do this great thing greatly. Every one of you, and every one of us, wants to demonstrate the thing which we know to be true—that our country is great and strong, and in a cause like this will hit like a man at the adversary which has attacked us. And always there is between the beginning of preparation and the final demonstration of its success a period of questioning when everybody, you and I and everybody else, goes through searching of heart to find out whether all has been done that could have been or that ought to have been done; whether anything remains that can be done. And we look back over the past and realize that there have been delays and that there have been shortcomings; that there have been things which might have been done better. In so great an enterprise it is impossible for frankness not to find those things.

"But our effort is to learn from them not to repeat; to strengthen where there needs strengthening; to supplement where there needs supplementing; and, by bringing two things together, our very best effort and the confidence of the country back of that effort, to make our enemies finally feel the strength that is really American.

"The issue of this is far too large for any prejudice or favoritism to any individual. ... Nor am I here to deny delays, mistakes, shortcomings, or false starts. I think I can say with confidence that where those things have appeared we have sought the remedy; that in many places we have applied the remedy, and the largest purpose I have in being here is to urge that your committee, that the Members of the Senate and the Members of the House, that every citizen in this country, official and unofficial, from the highest to the lowest, realize that this is their enterprise, and to ask from you and from them every suggestion, every criticism, every constructive thought that occurs to any of you, and I ask you, when shortcomings are pointed out to you, whether they be well founded or whether they be not well founded, that you will instantly convey them to me, so that by the processes which the department has I may search out where blame is to be attached, where remedies are to be applied, and where strengthening and improvement of the organization is possible. ...

"Now, gentlemen, about the plan of the war." For the first time the public was to hear, from the man who knew it

best, that plan in its whole as it has already been described in this narrative; of how, at first, when Russia was still in the War, and the British new army coming to the full tide of its power, the Allies had thought that our part would be only financial and commercial; of the coming of the Balfour and Joffre missions and of the call for a small body of our troops to show the flag. Now he might mention the disaster to the French offensive in the spring of 1917; but not the recent Italian disaster and its grave consequences and sudden demands.

He told of the "strategists, mechanical experts, experts in arms, experts in supplies, experts in industry and manufacture" who had come from the Allies and sat in council with our own experts to help us form an idea "of what the thing was for us to do over there."

"But that was not enough. They admitted that it was impossible to draw that picture. They could describe to us and bring the specifications and the drawings for a piece of artillery, but they could not tell us why the British preferred the use of one piece of artillery and the French the use of another. They could not picture to us a barrage of heavy howitzers as compared to a barrage of 75-millimeter guns. They could not picture to us the association of aircraft and balloons with artillery. They could tell us about it, but even when they told us the story grew old. The one thing they told us from the very beginning to the end was that this war, of all others, was not a static thing; that our adversary was a versatile and agile adversary; that every day he revamped and changed his weapons of attack and his methods of defense; that the stories they were telling us were true when they left England and France, but an entirely different thing was probably taking place there now. And they told us of large supplies of weapons of one kind and another which they had developed in France and England, and which even before they got them in sufficient quantities manufactured to take them from the industrial plants to the front were superseded by new ideas and had to be thrown into the scrap heap."

"They said to us: This is a moving picture; it is something that nobody can paint and give you an idea of. It is not a static thing."

"General Pershing's staff of experts and officers over there runs into the thousands, and they are busy every minute; and every day that the sun rises I get cablegrams from General Pershing from ten to twenty pages long filled with measurements and formulas and changes of a millimeter in size, great long specifications of changes in details of things which were agreed upon last week and changed this week, and need to be changed again next week so that what we are doing at this end is attempting by using the eyes of the Army there to keep up what they want us to do."

"Already you will find in your further examination into some of the bureau work of the department, some of the divisions, when they come down, you will find that schedules which were

agreed upon, weapons which were selected, and which we had started to manufacture, have been so far discarded that people have forgotten the names of them, almost, and new things in their places.

"So that if one gets the idea that this is the sort of war we used to have, or if he gets the idea that this is a static thing it is an entirely erroneous idea." He told of one dispatch of doctors and nurses upon our entry into the war, and of railroad and other special services to France; of the limitations of French ports and of the lack of ships for the transport of men and supplies across the submarine zone, and the lack of transport across France.

"France was a white sheet of paper, so far as we were concerned, and on that we not only had to write an army, but we had to write the means of maintaining an army. . . . We have had to go back to the planting of the corn in France in order that we might sometime make a harvest. Our operations began in the forests of France, not in the lumber yards, as they did in this country."

Now he took up all the complaints about inadequate clothing and lack of care of the sick which Chamberlain had emphasized at length in his speech before the Senate. The charge literally was that we had raised an army faster than we could supply it. Speaking of the plan formulated in the spring of 1917 for raising an army, Baker said:

"I did not then know, nor do I know now, nor can I know, how rapidly it may be necessary for us to send men to France. I know how rapidly we have sent them. I know how many are there. I know what our present plan is to send them, but I do not know but that tomorrow it might turn out that it would be wise to double the rate at which we are sending troops. There are now in the United States 16 National Guard camps, 16 National Army camps, filled with men who are ready to go if it is necessary. I have sacrificed something for that. I have not willingly sacrificed the health of anybody. I have not intended to sacrifice the comfort of anybody, but I have intended, if it was humanly possible, to be ready when the call came; and if I were to have delayed the calling out of these troops until the last button was on the last coat, and the call had come in November, or December, or January, 'Send them and send them fast,' and they were still at home waiting for tailors, I would have felt a crushing load of guilt and responsibility which, at least in comparison with what I had felt about having called them out, would have been incomparably greater."

If he had told of the Allies' desperate call for our man-power at that moment, messages would have soon been coming down the corridor from the State Department, from the Allies, and direct from Pershing, against a statement that would encourage the Germans that if they struck hard enough in the coming spring drive victory was certain.

And Baker concluded: "In so far as I am personally concerned, I know what is ahead of us. I know what American feeling about (Continued on page 54)

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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 53)

this war is. Everybody is impatient to do as much as we can. There will be no division of counsel; there will be all the criticism there ought to be upon shortcomings and failures."

And Chamberlain said:

"I know that you must be tired. The Committee has been very much impressed by your statement."

There was an end of the talk of compelling Baker's resignation. The Marne of the War Department had been won. Even the weather turned in Baker's favor, no longer hampering deliveries. However, advocacy of a War Cabinet on the lines of the British War Cabinet persisted in a section of the Congress. Reports which reached the White House did not convince the President that the British War Cabinet was an ideal institution or suited to our governmental forms. The only War Cabinet we were to have was in the meetings of the President, Secretaries of Treasury, War, and Navy, the Chairmen of the War Industries, the Shipping and War Trade Boards, and the Fuel and Food Administrators.

Daniel Willard, Chairman of the War Industries Board, had resigned against the wishes of Baker and his colleagues. He had been the pioneer Chairman of the Advisory Commission, accepted the chairmanship of the War Industries Board in answer to appeals, and after that been under incalculable strain. He had reached a point where he was convinced that he could do better work by going back to his railroad. The problem of industrial output had reached a crisis where he must have more authority;

and his resignation, the supreme testimony on this point out of his experience, was an act of wisdom and courage which was to be a compelling factor in winning for his successor the authority that he, himself, lacked.

There had been much comment on the power of the President under the Constitution, and its extension by the National Defense Act, which had given a false appraisal to the public mind. "Extra-legality" was a phrase which could not cover the present need. This could be given only by the Congress. No one was in a better position than Baker to realize the importance of more concentration; no one had so intimately pressing reasons for being its partisan. On January 24th, four days before he asked for the hearing before the Senate Committee, we find him writing a letter to the President, enclosing the copy of a bill to be presented to Congress. This was the Overman Act, which was not to be passed until May 20th. In the files, too, are Baker's interlineations of Crowder's draft of the bill. They include the phrase for "more efficient administration" as the appealing and sufficing public reason for the Act, and also the one which authorizes such distribution of executive functions "as he may deem necessary," which was the very symbol of a free hand. Some of Baker's assistants and members of the War Industries Board thought that the Congress would be better occupied in passing such legislation than in investigating Baker. But the Overman Act was to be the substitute for many suggestions, including the War Cabinet, bruited in Congress.

The investigation had cleared the way for the bill. And the public agitation and discussion had had a part in preparing the Congress for the eventual decision that there was an emergency for granting the President unprecedented power over the civil life of the nation. The Act would make him supremely, one might say, personally, responsible for all our war effort. This was not a thing to be granted by the nation's representatives in town meeting under the Capitol's dome without something more solid in public support than any passing wave of public emotion, executive requests, or innuendoes from the whispering gallery.

Meanwhile, the thing was to make the most of the authority that existed. On February 1st, three days after his address to the Senate Committee, Baker was sending to the President the result of his conference with Bernard Baruch about a reorganization of the War Industries Board.

"We recognize," he wrote, "that the present question is the appointment of a successor to Mr. Willard, and that the redistribution of power will have to be delayed until the President is empowered by legislation, but the immediate organization could begin and suitable distribution of power could then be made when the legislation is assured."

The new chairman of the War Industries Board must naturally be chosen from among the men who had already been tried out in the co-ordination of business and government under war conditions. Judge Lovett was temporarily acting in Willard's place. After thorough consideration President Wilson chose

Bernard M. Baruch, the pioneer expert on raw materials of the Advisory Commission, permanent Chairman. But a strong man was wanted for another key post, the key position of army organization. He must have had service with the combat branch of the army in France. Very significant on this score for the future was a cablegram on January 27th which had the usual signature of McCain, the formal one of the Adjutant General to all cablegrams. But the word Baker was added. The Secretary himself sent it.



Under the agreement with the French, American artillery was equipped with French guns. Here on the road between Esnes and Montzville are French howitzers manned by men of the 18th Field Artillery, Third Division

"Can Major General Peyton C. March be spared to return to this country as Acting Chief of Staff? If he can, direct his immediate return. I feel it urgently necessary to have him. Please reply."

The tone was unprecedentedly peremptory for anything from Baker to Pershing; and, greedy as Pershing was to retain his able men, he had to part with the officer who had been Baker's original choice for a task whose responsibility had no equal in the army except that of Pershing, himself. Meanwhile March had put his stamp on the artillery organization in France. And General Crozier, the former Chief of Ordnance, and now a member of the War Council, was on his way to observe conditions abroad.

ALWAYS the Secretary was looking apprehensively for the cablegram announcing transport arrivals on the other side. On February 5th the dread news came. The British liner *Tuscania*, acting as an American transport, had been torpedoed off the North coast of Ireland on her way to Liverpool. According to the first report it seemed certain that all the soldiers on board had been lost. For the first time his assistants saw the Secretary very shaken. His imagination painted the picture to those around him in all its horror. When we had as yet relatively so few casualties at the front, two thousand men, after all their training in anticipation of the day when they should face the enemy, had apparently gone down like rats in a trap without even arriving over there. It was a triumph to herald to Ludendorff's army forming for the great spring drive in assurance that the American army would be drowned on the way to the front.

Happily, a later cable said that all but a few of the men had been safely brought ashore. The relief over this came at a time when Secretary Daniels had the best news that England had received during the war. The submarine losses for January were down to three hundred thousand tons, although there was still a margin of tonnage destroyed over the tonnage coming from the world's shipyards. British and American naval co-operation, the adoption of the convoy system, the depth bombs, were promising to win the day. In France four of our divisions were now having, or had had, trench experience, the First, Second, Twenty-sixth and Forty-second. We were looking up at Mont Sec in the miserable sector at Toul. Three great British liners were being put at our service to hasten our reinforcements.

Our war effort had turned the corner. March was coming from France. Criticism of the Secretary had dropped to sniping attacks. So his absence would not be misunderstood as a retreat under fire. But leave required the consent of his commanding officer. On February 20, 1918, Baker wrote to the President:

"I have had repeated cablegrams and letters from General Pershing urging that I visit our Expeditionary Forces in France, and as our plans have gone forward I have come more and more to realize the need of an actual inspection of ports, transportation and storage fa-

cilities and camps of our overseas army.

"Of course, we are constantly having officers of the several Armies returning from France with information and recommendations; but they frequently serve only to illustrate the impossibility of securing a complete view of the situation by any other course than a personal inspection.

"In addition to this, the relatives and friends of our soldiers are deeply concerned to know the conditions under which these soldiers live and the environment in which they find themselves. It will be of importance if I can give comforting assurances as the result of an actual visit to the camps; and it may be that I can suggest betterments as the result of our experience here where great encampments have been built up, and a most wholesome and helpful environment provided with the co-operation of all the helpful and sympathetic agencies which the people of the country have placed at our disposal.

"The various reorganizations in the War Department have now progressed to a place where I feel that they will proceed uninterruptedly with their task, and I can with more comfort than would have been possible at an earlier time, be absent for a brief time. I am writing, therefore, to ask your consent to my absence long enough to pay a hurried visit to France for such an inspection trip as I have herein outlined. My plans would carry me to France, and would include a thorough inspection of our ports, lines of transportation and communication, and camps, with a brief visit to Paris and London."

The President replied on February 22d, that the comprehensive view Baker would bring back would be serviceable to all of us; and suggested that it would gratify the Italian military and people if he would also visit Italy, however briefly.

FOR the first time in more than a year the routine of Baker's sixteen-hour day was broken. He would not be at his desk tomorrow, or even next week, or for weeks to come. "The Secretary of War leaves Washington today for an indefinite absence." Meanwhile, Benedict Crowell, Assistant Secretary, was to act in his stead.

Of course, the whispering gallery could surmise that Baker was going to France; but the Navy, which was responsible for his safe conduct, would have no further information given out until he arrived over there. He already knew the course of the soldier from home to camp, and camp to port. Now he was to follow the soldier from port to front. He had a practical reminder of the fuel shortage in Europe in the bags of coal stacked on the decks of the cruiser on which he made the voyage. As she was doing routine duty in guarding and conveying troop transports, he shared the soldier's experience of darkened ships at night in passing through the danger zone.

The Atlantic Ocean had never been so broad as when he crossed it, and the only tourists France sought were soldiers bearing rifles as their passports. France would have (Continued on page 56)



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When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 55)

spread the red carpet of official welcome, with all the honors she knows so well how to pay distinguished guests, for the first Cabinet minister to visit France in the war, who represented the last reservoir of man power for the Allies at a time when Ludendorff was forming his divisions for the decisive blow. But the grand manner, although it might serve public morale, which cannot altogether be dissociated from public display and aggrandizement of personalities, was not in character for Baker, or suited to this grave crisis in Allied fortunes. So he asked the Allied governments, through the State Department, to consider his coming as unofficial.

"It seemed to me of the highest importance that my visit should not be long; that it should be devoted intensively to the study of conditions, and that it should not be interrupted by a round of official courtesies and ceremonial observances."

This, as he said, would prevent his presence "being a distraction and an embarrassment to the busy civilian and military men of the Allied armies who had their hands full."

Pershing, Bliss, and a representative of the Embassy were waiting for him at six-thirty on the morning of March 10th at the railroad station in Paris.

A German air raid added to the interest of the night he spent in Paris. The simple official exchange of courtesies over, he went forth to see what America had written on the white sheet of paper in France. At home, when he went to see a camp or a munition works, it was on a regular train; but now Pershing's private train was at his disposal, and Pershing was his guide. The Secretary of War, once he was with the active army, was having the strange experience of a soldier orderly assigned to him. There was some evidence that the Secretary did not know just what to do with a soldier orderly; but none could gainsay that Patrick Walsh, who had won praise for a pioneer heroic American exploit in the trenches, was worthy of this honor, if Senator Chamberlain might be still of the opinion that the Secretary was not.

Inspection was to begin with the Services of Supply, which had now set up its own subsidiary kingdom, apart from G. H. Q., under Major General Francis J. Kernan, with his headquarters at Tours, in the center of France.

There were the ports, there was the front, and the distance to be covered between them with an establishment whose size would have been astounding to that great quartermaster, Napoleon, who had built the straight highways of France for the march of his men and the easier roll of the wheels of his artillery and commissary wagons.

The S. O. S. reached a point of progress where the chaos of piles of material was alongside projects which were a quarter or half completed, or had sufficient form so that all was not left to the

imagination. As at home, a definite outline was developing out of the smudge of the negative. I recalled how six months ago I had heard some reserve officers in a tent stacked with blueprints, talk of a vast cold storage plant on a space where not a handful of earth had been lifted or a bit of material had arrived. Now, on the tour with the Secretary, I saw the plant seventy per cent complete, set in a spray of spur-tracks.

As the Secretary went from place to place one set of the rulers of the local industrial realm succeeded another as his local guides. In his derby hat and civilian clothes he was a dark outline on the background of the khaki of generals, colonels, and majors surrounding him. They were showing a deference to a civilian which was rare and wonderful in the American world in France. Some may have had the preconception that he was the worst Secretary of War that ever was, and many might have wanted to violate military etiquette by more vigorous representations of the delay in their projects for want of material that had not arrived; but, withal, it was good to have him see what they were trying to do against odds. He had no stenographer with him taking notes; he made none himself; but the questions he asked had the sympathetic quality of a man who had a mechanical lobe in his brain which could understand their tasks.

In one place the scene was all-American in areas of corrugated iron roofs, except for the tower of an ancient village church in the distance; and in another our insistence was pressing for space that would disrupt routine municipal life. Each enterprise seeking sites or elbow room must negotiate, through interpreters, with the local authorities, who must often be subjected to prefectoral and even higher influences before the privilege was gained. It was as though the American titan had one foot on the home shore and the other striving for a hold on the shore of France, while one hand was stretching its powerful fingers deeper and deeper into France to implant the material passed to it by the other hand.

We were Allies and yet, in southern and middle France, where the people were far removed from the front, we appeared as invaders with our motor trucks, huge machines, our fractious, persistent energy, which seemed to the French at times to be wasting itself as prodigally as we wasted our material. As our plants rose to maintain a vast army in the fall of 1918 the French of that region, in the suspense of their foreboding of another German blow, wondered if this colossal industrial demonstration was our idea of a way to win a war. For they saw no troop trains coming from the southern ports. Those Americans were cutting down French forests to make structures which were of no use to the French, or to the Americans if they were not going to remain

in France. Did the French army, in order to fight the Germans, need ice to store its meat? A candy factory? Chewing gum as well as cigarettes? And such extensive apparatus in order to unload ships? To stretch so many telephone wires? So many typewriters clicking out such quantities of orders and memoranda?

At the ports Baker saw the ships waiting in dock for labor to unload them so they could go back for cargoes on the congested docks at home, and the piles of material waiting for trains to take it into the interior, and parts of motor trucks to be assembled; he saw new piers already in service, others waiting for cranes to arrive and sites that had been chosen for others at the water's edge; concrete foundations for new structures set with steel uprights; and lines of fresh earth turned for more spur-tracks. The whole was as an American mining camp where American individualism was under a military discipline and formula that was strange to industrial discipline and formula.

Our supply organization had divided the American world in Gaul into three parts or zones. The writing that it was making on the white paper across France followed the line of the railroads toward Lorraine. In the intermediate zone, where forty-five days' supplies for our army were theoretically supposed to be always stored, he saw aviation training grounds, and other schools, that repair shop which had been shipped across the sea in parts, salvage depots, material waiting on the sites of warehouses, empty warehouses waiting for material, warehouses for everything from medical supplies to machine guns and ammunition; shops for assembling the parts of American locomotives, and a thousand-bed hospital which was to receive the guests from the Meuse-Argonne battle.

Then the rapidly-conducted traveler went on to the regulating stations of the advance zone which were forming in the midst of more spur-tracks. These drew on the stores of the intermediate zone in their distribution of supplies to the front. There were places and occasions when it was in order for him to "say something" to assembled groups. Nobody knows how many of these talks he gave to the olive drab hosts.

He was to see those who were "striking the blows" in the march past of men of the First Division and of the Second who had already been in the trenches.

He had seen the army now from the recruits arriving at the cantonments at home all the way to their billets in France. But that was not the end of the journey. Logically, this ought to be the parapet looking out over no man's land. Pershing was at first opposed to the Secretary going into the trenches. A trench might be peaceful for days and then suddenly the enemy artillery might loose "a hate." But Baker asked that he might see the trenches, too, with his own eyes. The place set was the sector occupied by men from his own State of Ohio. I was assigned by General Pershing to conduct him. He was to make a long day of it; to see many things on the way before he reached the trenches. I recall a discussion that arose before our start at four-thirty in the morning. Word had come that there was a good deal of artillery fire in the Ohio men's sector. Therefore some of the officers present proposed that the visit to the trenches should be given up.

"Gentlemen," said the Secretary, with the whimsical twinkle in his eye, "I do not want you to risk your lives."

That very neatly silenced objections from this quarter. We were to go on with the schedule as planned.

(To be continued)

Then and Now

(Continued from page 33)

erroneously reported deaths in action. These men who, according to the official certificates of death furnished by the Government, "died with honor in the service," together with brief credentials, follow:

James L. Robinson of Delnoy Durbin Post, Cameron, West Virginia, has a picture of his grave and three death certificates. Ex-Private Robinson served with Machine Gun Company, 39th Infantry, and was reported killed in action October 7, 1918. His parents received several communications from the War Department, including blanks to fill out so his War Risk Insurance might be paid. Notwithstanding the insistence of the War Department, the parents ignored the blanks, as letters continued to come from their soldier son and eventually he returned himself.

From Legionnaire Charles E. Bauer of Watseka, Illinois, we received a letter which his brother had written to him on July 16, 1918, which was delivered with about three dozen other letters in April,

1919, two months after Bauer's discharge from service. This letter, as were the others, was officially endorsed "Killed in action." On July 15, 1918, Bauer was wounded by shrapnel while in the Champagne-Marne defensive action and spent the balance of the duration in hospitals—but he came home to disprove the official report of his death.

A letter to his mother, written in France on August 20, 1918, is proof offered by William H. Taylor of North Middleboro, Massachusetts, that he was among the much-alive casualties. Here is the letter:

"Dear Mother: I don't know at present whether or not you have received any cable concerning my health. Returning from a training sector to my section headquarters, I was mystified when my lieutenant told me that I was dead. I denied it. He took me to the colonel who gave me a special pass to go to the town where the cemetery is located (Menil-la-Tour). There I found a new grave marked. *(Continued on page 58)*

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Then and Now

(Continued from page 57)

'Private 1cl William H. Taylor, Co. C, 314th Field Signal Battalion,' but with a different serial number than mine on the identification tag. Then I knew I wasn't dead. A 'Y' secretary took me to the sergeant in charge. Showing him my identifications, I convinced him that I was a fairly live corpse.

"The chaplain next listened to my tale and we all went to the officer in command of the town. After a long debate they started for another town, Toul, to correct the mistake. While in that town I met my chum from home who told me he had written his folks that he had seen my grave."

Taylor adds that he would like to find out who the other Taylor was.

AS A member of that outfit called by Comrade Crosby 'the pick of the Army,' the 148th Regiment, 66th Brigade, Motorized Artillery," reports Neal J. Hawkins of Portland (Oregon) Post, "I wish to claim for our battery the most unusual souvenir of the war.

"Souvenirs were plentiful—such as machine guns, pistols, rifles, etc. But it remained for two lone souvenir hunters from Battery C to find the real one.

"The time was about the middle of October, 1918. We had pushed up past Montfaucon and were near Nantillois on the left bank of the Meuse. These two men, scouting for souvenirs, inspected an unusually large German dug-out and found a regular Belgian piano. That night ten men from the battery moved it to the battery position.

"A few weeks later the regiment moved into Germany. The piano went along in a truck. It was placed in the battery mess hall.

"The middle of May, 1919, we got orders to leave for home. The piano went along in a boxcar to St. Nazaire, France. How it got aboard ship I do not know, but it did, as it provides music for the Elks in their clubrooms in Colorado Springs, Colorado."

The secretary of the Elks Club in Colorado Springs, upon inquiry, reported that the last part of Hawkins's story was incorrect. Further investigation brought ex-Battery Commander Victor W. Hun-

gerford of Colorado Springs into the discussion and he advised that the piano "for some years stood in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club in this city until the club went out of existence about in 1924, when the piano was put in storage."

Later the piano was transferred to Colorado Springs Post Clubhouse. James A. Peck, ex-Battery C, after much persuasion, produced the picture we show and in it appear, in the usual order, Legionnaires Malcolm D. Graham, Eugene Burt, Peck, himself, and John Reis-

from whom detailed information may be obtained, follow:

THIRD DIV.—Special reunion (in addition to annual convention in New York in July). Ed. Boivin, adjt., 230 Schenectady av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOURTH DIV.—General reunion of IVY men. Miss Dorothy Egan, asst. secy., 4th Div. Assoc., 729 N. Michigan av., Chicago, Ill.

32D DIV.—John H. Freeman, Architects bldg., Detroit, Mich.

42D DIV.—E. D. Hennessy, chmn., 15432 Marlowe, Detroit, Mich.

81ST DIV.—Reunion of all Wildcat veterans. Sgt. George Dry, care of R. O. T. C., Cass Technical School, and Harold Heigho, 278 Forest av., Detroit, Mich.

H COMPANY CLUB (126th Inf., 31st Mich. Inf. and 1st Mich. Inf.)—Reunion all former members. Gordon L. White, secy., 6409 Theodore av., Detroit, Mich.

FIRST SEPARATE BRIG., C. A. C., Assoc.—Second annual banquet and reunion. William G. Kuenzel, chmn., 24 Gilman st., Holyoke, Mass.

21ST ENGRS., I. R. Soc.—Eleventh annual reunion. Frederick G. Webster, secy-treas., 6819-a Prairie av., Chicago, Ill.

23D ENGRS.—Reunion with 23d Engrs. Post, American Legion, as host. F. R. Erlsizer, comdr., 5353 Allendale, Detroit, Mich.

26TH ENGRS.—Reunion and organization of veterans' association. Ray Bielman, 8100 Gratiot av., or W. W. White, 15217 Forrer av., Detroit, Mich.

31ST ENGRS.—Third annual reunion. F. E. Love, secy., 113 First av., W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

39TH RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—Eighth annual reunion. Chas. M. Karl, pres., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago, Ill., or B. E. Ryan, secy., 308 Central st., Elkins, W. Va.

TANK CORPS.—Reunion of all former Tank Corpsmen. Victor T. Porter, Tank

Corps Reunion Hq., 2006 Industrial Bank, Washington at Grand River, Detroit, Mich.

313TH F. S. BN.—Daniel M. Lynch, Hammond bldg., Detroit, Mich.

326TH M. G. BN.—Walter W. Wood, Box 1901, Portsmouth, Ohio.

330TH F. A.—Carl Mounteer, 2224 1st Natl. Bank bldg., Detroit, Mich.

49TH AERO SQDRN., Kelly Field, Tex.—Wm. T. Welsh, 12619 Mark Twain av., Detroit, Mich.

FLYING BOAT SQDRN., U. S. N. AIR STA., Porto Corsini, Italy—E. Manson Gates, Northwood Center, N. H.

338TH AERO SQDRN. AND PROV. M. P. Co., Charlotte, N. C.—Reunion of both outfits. Homer R. Ostrander, 91 N. Brook st., Geneva, N. Y.

380TH AND 828TH AERO SQDRNS. AND SQDRN. B. Selfridge Field, Mich.—Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

U. S. NAVAL BASE No. 6—Proposed reunion of ALNAVY in and out of Queenstown. Frank Rose, 36 East Linden st., Alexandria, Va.

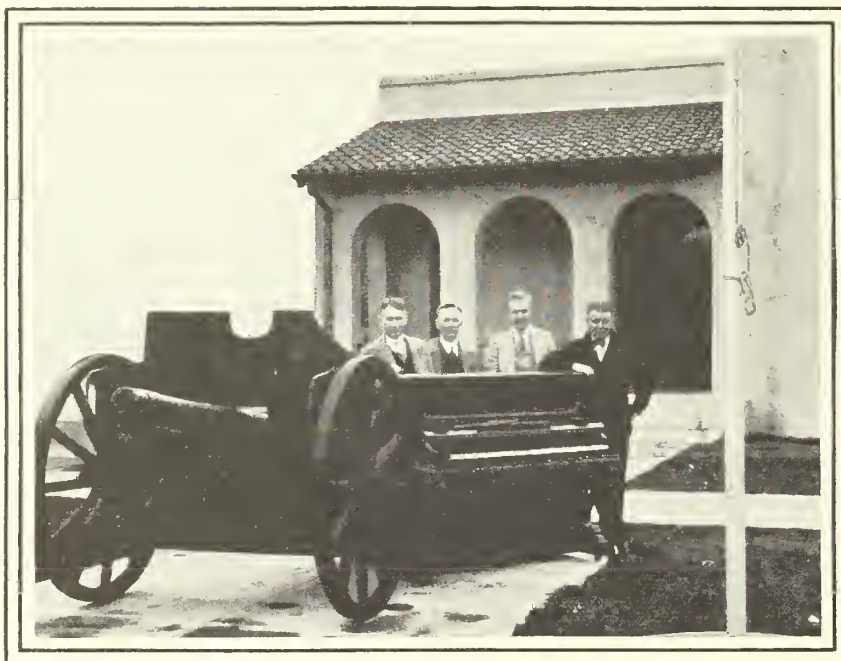
U. S. S. Rhode Island—Former crew. Sumner W. Leighton, 1113 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

U. S. S. South Dakota—Former crew. Philip T. Wallace, 14 Edwin st., Brookline, Mass.

U. S. S. Wilhelmina—Former crew. Dr. M. M. Sorenson, 3025 Washington av., Racine, Wis.

BASE HOSP. No. 114, Beau Desert Hosp. Center, France—Former personnel. Geo. R. Barr, 610 West Congress st., Detroit, Mich.

AMER. RED CROSS HOSPITALS No. 3 AND No. 112, Paris—Former personnel. F. J. Maynard, 501 S. Warren st., Trenton, N. J.



Speaking of souvenirs, pipe the piano on which four ex-red legs of Battery C, 148th Field Artillery, are draped. It came home to Colorado Springs, Colorado, via France and the Occupied Area in Germany

inger, all of the battery and of the post, in front of the post's "Hut."

OUR reunion will be held on an excursion boat chartered for the occasion. Officers during the war will be seamen and former gobs will officer the boat." So reads the announcement of the reunion of all men who served at Naval Base 27, Plymouth, England, to be held in conjunction with the Legion national convention in Detroit, Michigan, September 21st to 24th. Phil C. Pack, Ann Arbor, Michigan, is recruiting officer for the reunion and will furnish additional details.

That gives an indication of some of the unusual reunion plans being laid for the convention period. Raymond J. Kelly, chairman, Reunions Committee, 11200 Shoemaker Street, Detroit, Michigan, will lend all possible aid in connection with reunions.

Reunions already scheduled in Detroit, with the names and addresses of the men

NURSES—National Organization of American World War Nurses' special reunion and meeting. Mrs. Samuel E. Bracegirdle, 5005 Spokane av., Detroit, Mich.

REPLACEMENT UNIT NO. 4—Proposed reunion and banquet. Miss Elizabeth C. Schau, Box C, Traverse City, Mich.

M. T. C. 420, M. S. T. 411—Proposed convention reunion. Adolph Illikman, Saginaw, Mich.

DOMGERMAIN ORD. DET.—Fabian F. Levy, 213 S. Broad st., Philadelphia, Pa.

UNIVERSITY OF POITIERS, FRANCE Former students. Alan B. Leonard, 601 Cadillac Sq. bldg., or Dan M. Lynch, 703 Hammond bldg., Detroit, Mich.

ADDITIONAL reunions and other activities at times and places other than the Legion national convention, follow:

SECOND DIV. ASSOC.—Thirteenth annual reunion, Detroit, Mich., July 16-18. Arthur Counihan, secy., P. O. Box 1361, Washington, D. C.

THIRD DIV.—National convention, Hotel Victoria, New York City, July 13-15. Ed. Boivin, adjt., 230 Schenectady av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIFTH DIV.—Annual reunion, Hotel Lafayette, 31 W. 12th st., New York City, Sept. 5-7. Edward A. Vosseler, secy., 200 Broadway, New York City. For divisional history and society's magazine, *The Red Diamond*, write Frank F. Barth, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention and reunion, Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 9-11. John Edwards, secy.-treas., 329 Stoneman bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

91ST (WILD WEST) DIV.—"Back to the Front" reunion in Paris, France, including tours of England, Belgium, Germany and France. Leave Pacific Coast, Aug. 14, sailing on *Leviathan*, Aug. 19. Return to New York, Sept. 20, in time to attend Legion national convention in Detroit. George P. Miller, 451 Central av., Alameda, Calif.

355TH INF.—Annual reunion, Grand Island, Neb., Oct. 15. Oscar F. Roesser, 1408 W. Koenig st., Grand Island.

10TH U. S. INF., Co. B (Cuba and Philippines)—To complete roster and arrange reunion, former members are requested to report to Thomas H. Bell, 1339 E. Narragansett st., Philadelphia, Pa.

112TH INF., Co. H—Fifth annual reunion, Capt. Geary's Camp, Boot Jack Mountain, near Ridgway, Pa., Aug. 13. Wm. H. Cannon, Jr., Warren, Pa.

135TH INF. VET. OFFICERS' ASSOC.—To complete roster, report to Lt. Col. T. E. Parkhill, 4228 Lyndale av., S. Minneapolis, Minn.

135TH INF., Co. F—Reunion. T. E. Parkhill, 4228 Lyndale av., S. Minneapolis, Minn.

156TH INF. AND 1ST LA. INF., N. G.—First annual reunion, Monroe, La., during Legion dept. convention, July 16-18. John R. Humble, P. O. Box 852, Monroe.

359TH INF., Co. B—Reunion at Legion hall, Denton, Tex., Sept. 13. Fred Hopkins, Jr., Krum, Tex.

11TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Sept. 6. R. C. Dickieson, secy., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

328TH F. A.—Eighth annual reunion, Occidental Hotel, Muskegon, Mich., June 15-16. L. J. Lynch, adjt., 209 Elm st., S. W., Grand Rapids, Mich.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 6. George Remple, secy., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

Co. B, 104TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Annual meeting, Legion home, Westmont, N. J., June 13. C. Lewis Brooks, secy., 221 Linden av., Woodlynne, N. J.

THIRD TRENCH MORTAR BTRY., THIRD DIV.—Reunion New York City, July 20. Barney Gallitelli, secy., 294-17th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

52D AMMUN. TRN., C. A. C.—Reunion during Legion department convention, Long Beach, Calif., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. McKinley H. Thompson, P. O. Box 81, Modesto, Calif.

332D SUP. CO., Q. M. C.—To complete roster and learn of next reunion, address Edwin E. Foster, Clarksville, Tenn.

308TH MOTOR SUP. TRN. VETS. ASSOC.—Sixth annual reunion, Warren, Ohio, Sept. 5-7. Carl L. Feederle, comdr., 1353 Mahoning av., N. W., Warren.

406TH MOTOR SUP. TRN., A. E. F.—Proposed reunion in San Francisco, Calif. Robert R. Morgan, P. O. Box 207, Sta. A, Palo Alto, Calif.

BASE HOSP., CAMP MCARTHUR, Waco, Tex.—Proposed reunion. Former members suggest time and place to Sam L. Iskiwitch, 4257 Archer av., Chicago, Ill.

JEFFERSON BARRACKS POST HOSP. AND EXAMINING BARRACKS STAFF—Fourth annual reunion, Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Sept. 5-7. H. P. Riggan, 512 N. Pine st., Little Rock, Ark.

146TH AMB. CO. ASSOC., 37TH DIV.—13th annual reunion, Farm House, Columbus, Ohio, June 13. J. Lee Snoots, secy., 133 Brighton rd., Columbus.

USAACS—Convention and reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. John H. Fetter, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City.

AMERICAN FIELD SERV.—Annual reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. Albert E. Herriman, 1625 W. Diamond st., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. A. S.—Annual convention, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. Lyle C. Jordan, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City.

ITALIAN CONTINGENT, USAAS—Reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-18. Wilbur P. Hunter, 5315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

SEC. 573, USAAS, ITALY—Banquet and reunion, Hotel Jefferson, Atlantic City, N. J., July 15-19. C. Tom Mullins, 1522 Albany av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

638TH AERO SQDN.—Reunion, Albany, N. Y., Sept. 5-6. Paul W. Stafstrom, P. O. Box 115, Oakville, Conn.

U. S. S. Illinois—Former members of crew interested in proposed letter reunion, address J. F. Handford, 31 E. Tulpehocken st., Philadelphia, Pa.

FRENCH MALLET RESERVE—Former members of the "gypsies of the A. E. F." interested in proposed reunion, address Howard T. Wiggers, 432 Main st., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

DETENTION CAMP DET., FT. OGLETHORPE, GA.—Men interested in proposed reunion, write to Sgt. F. A. Duvall, gen. del., Cincinnati, Ohio.

CAMP MEADE COUNTRY CLUB AND FIRST CAMP FT. NIAGARA ASSOC.—Reunion, Ft. Niagara, N. Y., Aug. 15. Henry Roesser, Jr., pres.-treas., of Ocean City, N. J., or Bill Peek, 1695 N. 56th st., Philadelphia, Pa.



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The Shots You Miss

(Continued from page 19)

moment you're at the table. I had one heartbreaking experience that I can never forget, and remembering it helps me every time I play the game.

It happened in Sayre, Pennsylvania, half a dozen years ago. I was playing Chick Seaback, who is still a great player, but who at that time was at the top of his game. He was usually able to beat me easily. On this particular day, though, I was playing in grand form and clicking them off like nobody's business. In fact I had just five more balls to go to collect the \$400 prize, while Seaback was 108 balls from home. As I missed a shot and Seaback stepped up to the table and chalked his cue, a cat came into the billiard room with a mouse in its mouth. Seaback didn't notice it at first and was just about to lean over to

shoot when I said, "Chick, you've got just about as much chance of winning this match as that mouse has of getting away."

Seaback straightened up and the game was adjourned for the moment while we all watched the cat. Pussy let the mouse go and the little animal lay still while the cat crouched a couple of feet away, then came bounding up, pawed the little thing a while and then went a bit farther off. And then suddenly as we watched, the sleek little mouse, which had appeared too stunned to know what was going on, leaped for the safety of a low-set ice-box and made it.

Seaback turned back to the table and ran the 108 balls, to win the match.

I had called the turn both ways. I don't try it any more.

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28x4.40-20"		2.40	1.15	30x3 1/2	2.25	1.15	
30x4.60-21"		2.45	1.20	32x3 1/2	2.70	1.15	
28x4.75-19"		2.45	1.20	32x4	2.95	1.15	
30x4.95-21"		2.90	1.35	32x4 1/2	2.95	1.15	
30x5.00-20"		2.95	1.35	34x4	3.50	1.15	
28x5.25-18"		2.95	1.35	34x4 1/2	3.20	1.45	
30x5.25-20"		2.95	1.35	34x4 3/4	3.20	1.45	
31x5.25-21"		3.20	1.35	34x5	3.45	1.45	
30x5.77-20"		3.20	1.40	36x6	3.60	1.75	
31x5.00-19"		3.20	1.40	36x6 1/2	4.45	1.75	
32x5.00-20"		3.20	1.40				
33x5.00-21"		3.20	1.45				
32x5.20-20"		3.65	1.75				

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Ready, Aim—

(Continued from page 36)

It was won by Vancouver (Washington) Post team, which holds the Paul V. McNutt trophy a second year. The Vancouver men are marvelous shots. Several are members of the Seventh Infantry, United States Army. As a compliment to them and to make the match more interesting, the National Trophies and Awards Committee may decide to place some restrictions as to the number of men still in the Army who may shoot on a post team. Next year's match will probably be shot on February 27th and 28th. Department directors are already planning a league to determine their champion entries. National marksmanship citations will be awarded to the ten high teams and medals to the three high teams and individual scorers.

Many junior clubs and junior sections of Legion clubs are being reported. Racine (Wisconsin) Post has been sponsor-

ing a junior club for a year and organized a Legion post club in March. Already a score of teams have entered the Junior Team Match. Hawaii will have one girl and three boy teams. California, Ohio and New Jersey are leading in number of junior teams. Many posts are making ranges and equipment available for the Boy Scout troops which otherwise would be unable to shoot for their marksmanship badges. The American Legion Junior Marksmanship Trophy presented by A. A. Mitten of Philadelphia will continue in competition under direction of the National Rifle Association.

National Headquarters has designed a beautiful marksmanship certificate which will be awarded to winners in all future marksmanship matches. The standard medal carries The American Legion's emblem with crossed guns and target superimposed over a shield.

Tobogganing on the Air

(Continued from page 35)

craft, a spic and span new secondary, is pushed out. These, instead of starting only a hundred yards or so away from the circle, take off from as far back as three hundred yards. Legionnaire Warren Eaton of Norwich is piloting one of them which he has owned for about two months. He makes a long, graceful glide, beautiful to watch. In mid-air his cap flies off. He doesn't better the mark established by Schenectady's Mr. Brown.

Next, "Jack" O'Meara of Akron, Ohio, gets into the game. He is young, slim, serious-faced; a "pro" to whom the eager amateurs give merited deference. Yesterday at Elmira he took off in his secondary—a type, please recall, which is not designed for prolonged duration soaring—and managed to defy the force of gravity for an hour and thirty-five minutes.

Naturally, he has an eye on the \$500 purse which the Norwich Legionnaires are offering for a duration flight of two hours or more. But the breeze still has no snap to it. Dan Cook, treasurer of the Legion Glider Club, looks over toward the flags of the carnival company's tent city, just north of the grand stand, and points out that there's barely enough breeze at the moment to keep them fluttering.

Pilot O'Meara's secondary has a wheel attached beneath it, and there's a brake on that wheel to aid in making accurate stops. This lends him an advantage over the simple skid landing-gear of the primary type glider. So Brown of Schenectady watches the ace from Akron with a certain amount of trepidation. Jack O'Meara gives him cause: in one of the two flights allowed him the professional lands within five feet of the mark. (In the finals he betters this mark and clinches second place with two feet, eight inches;

while Warren Eaton of Norwich wins third with eight feet, eleven inches.)

Now it is not the chief concern of this account that the occasion of the big party at the Chenango County Fair Ground was a celebration of the Fourth and the fifth of July. Upon the shoulders of all of the 250 members of The American Legion Post of Norwich rested the responsibility to make this two-day holiday a success. They planned it to be "the biggest event Central New York has ever seen."

To my inexperienced eye the turn-out of attendance in the early morning appeared anything but hopeful. But the crowds swelled from a trickle to a stream. By 12:30 Dr. M. A. Quinn, chairman of the show, was estimating the throng as "somewhere between 12,000 and 15,000." Twenty-three acres of motor cars were parked south of the stands; and around the race track fences the pressure of the crowd was only eased when state troopers allowed about a thousand to overflow across the race track into the oval.

These conditions increased the natural anxieties of the members of the Glider Club. They had finished safely the first part of their program for the day; now they faced delivering the goods to this throng with their big headline act. And the prospect wasn't any too pleasing, with no breeze as yet and all these people clattering up the oval, you could feel the nervous tension growing.

Young Jack O'Meara was billed for the headliner thrill. The overflowing of the crowd inside the race track fences made his difficulties just a little more formidable and perilous. But his toughest break was that the wind still failed him. He had announced that he would attempt to glide from the top of East Hill—the other side of the Chenango

River—and make a landing down in front of the grand stand. Wind or no wind! So now he began getting his glider aboard a trailer truck.

From the moment the crowd caught sight of him, tension increased throughout a long wait.

A circus hippodrome troupe put on their best stunts of thrill and comedy on the race track in front of the grand stand. But the laughs were not so hearty as they might have been. Too many thousands of pairs of eyes kept lifting from the track to the peak of East Hill. Evidently, something had gone wrong up there to cause an unnaturally long delay and a consequent tightening of the tension.

The crowd had turned out in force for this first day. The Legion must give them their money's worth now if any customers were to be expected to appear again at the gates tomorrow. And Norwich Post had plunged into this affair on a grand scale; an outlay of \$10,000 for advertising and prizes, and an item in the bill for \$7,000 worth of rain insurance. Pull an attendance total of around 20,000 and they could keep out of the red. The big test now was up to the fifteen of the Glider Club. If their headline act flopped, they would be the town's laughing stock for a year. Nor would matters be any better if Jack O'Meara's ticklish feat ended in a crash or a serious accident to some of the spectators.

Ready at last. . . .

Out to the center of the oval trots a stocky fellow, white-shirted; he wiggles arm signals to the distant hilltop. State troopers are holding the overflow crowd as far back against the west fence of the race track oval as possible. The spot which O'Meara has designated as his landing place is near the judges' stand.

If the pilot skims too low, a line of poles and telegraph wires await him half-way down the slope of East Hill. A road runs along there, too, black with motor cars whose horns are honking impatiently. A barn below that, and many treetops. Then the width of the Chenango River. Then more barriers of trees and fences.

If he shoots too high, the peril is even greater. In a black mass south of the Fair Grounds are those twenty-three acres of motor cars; next, the crowded grand stand and the sidelines; the carnival tent show, the Ferris wheel, barns, houses, more wires, poles and motor cars.

Truly, this is no spot for a timid soul, or for any amateur.

"Watch him, now!" The announcer's voice roars through the amplifiers to the farthest corner of the field. "Watch him . . . He's off!"

In swift flight a speck of crimson and black darts from the far hilltop. The thousands watching are on their feet. He clears the telegraph poles and wires on the hillside, the highway's line of motor cars. He dives at the barn, but as he passes over it appears to get a lift from an uprushing air current. He banks as he gets that flip upward; he flits across the river's breadth and speeds to the southwest toward those acres of parked automobiles. A beautiful fish-hook turn now—and back toward the Fair Grounds.

Dropping, swooping, swift as a hawk and as silently, the glider sails, inky black against a white cloud. It grazes tree-tops; it skims safely over the race track fences; it zips on to touch earth squarely in front of the judges' stand, then taxis a little distance past.

The crowd whoops and swarms onto the field. State troopers rush to form a cordon round the pilot and escort him back. Young and slim, just as serious-faced as ever—wearing an aviator's helmet now, with the goggles pushed back.

But certain other faces now are of more interest to your reporter. Blue and gold Legion caps of overseas cut are cocked above these faces. Smiles appear, not too broad, but expressing profound relief after long-suppressed excitement.

"Everything's gonna be al-l right now!" is their message.

Financially, too. The \$10,000 and more invested by the Legionnaires is safe. When everything is totaled at the end of the second day of the meet there's a net profit of \$4,000.

Now I can get members of the Legion Glider Club to talk a little more freely. "Yes, a sort of modern country club is exactly what this is." For these fifteen enthusiasts, gliding takes the place of golf. As demonstrated this morning, they can make a competitive game of gliding, as in "landing on a mark." Or they can take off from a high spot for a distance glide. For the more proficient, sail-planing lies just ahead. This, you are told, is the "quickest, the easiest, the safest way to learn to fly." And the cheapest. The cost of a primary glider is less than the price of a new flivver. A secondary costs from \$650 up. A soarer may be bought for around \$1,000.

The personnel of the club appears to be about the same as that which you'd find in a typical country club. Sherman Rife, president, sells automobiles. Vice president John Turner manages a fire-place heater plant. Dan Cook, secretary and treasurer, is superintendent of a hammer factory. On the roster is a master painter, a veterinary, and two brothers who build silos and airplane hangars. Warren Eaton, field officer of the club, plays several other important roles. He is manager of the Norwich airport and official of a phar-ma-cal company which is famed for various nationally known products.

Warren Eaton, a World War flier with a citation, mingles opinion and warning. He says:

"I feel that Legion posts throughout the country can do a great deal to sponsor and help form glider clubs in their communities. Boys between fourteen and nineteen are anxious to get into this form of sport, so much so that they are trying to build their own gliders. This means that a great many of these home made gliders are altogether too frail and unsafe to fly. It would be far better if the Legion posts should get behind this younger element, help them raise the funds to buy their glider, and then see that they are properly organized. Handled properly, I feel that gliding is a wonderful sport, but without supervision it can be very dangerous."

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Go, Gophers, Go!

(Continued from page 31)

and certificate of honor will be awarded to employers increasing the number of their workers by ten percent. The cards and certificates, which will be awarded on recommendations of posts, will be signed by National Commander O'Neil and Department Commanders.

Making the Million

IN APRIL it seemed more likely than ever that The American Legion would have one million members before the end of 1931. On April 24th the Legion's national membership as shown by cards received by the Monthly was 860,931, a gain of 104,301 in the month immediately preceding that date and a total within 16,823 of the enrollment at the end of 1930 when the Legion's strength was 887,754.

Thirty-one departments had exceeded on April 24th their enrollments at the end of 1930, and ten departments on that day had the largest enrollments in their history. Porto Rico continued to lead all departments in percentage of increase, having enrolled 281 percent of its 1931 quota. Tennessee was second with 140 percent of quota; Alabama third with 128, and Virginia fourth with 125.

Sinister Shadows

ADVERTISING Men's Post of Chicago has expressed its belief that Edwin M. Hadley's book, "Sinister Shad-

ows," which deals with the influence of extreme radicalism in educational institutions and other fields, should be given wide circulation by The American Legion. Expressing the post's attitude, Post Commander George M. Crowson asks the Monthly to call attention to the book, royalties from the sale of which are to be used exclusively for Legion welfare work. The Post Commander says the book is important because "of its authenticity on a subject cautiously avoided by the public press" and its relation to "nationalism in the younger generation." Advertising Men's Post action was indorsed by Arthur Poorman, Commander of the Illinois Department, and other department officials.

In Porto Rico

THE Porto Rico Department of The American Legion made a notable contribution to the success of the visit of President Hoover to Porto Rico in March. Nine hundred Porto Rican Legionnaires provided a guard of honor along one hundred miles of highway used by the President and his party during their two-day visit. The fact that a Legionnaire, identified either by a banner or a brassard or the familiar Legion cap, was to be encountered every few hundred yards, made a distinct impression upon Mr. Hoover and the members of his party. The guard of honor was arranged by Major Miguel A. Munoz

of San Juan, Public Service Commissioner and Commander of the Porto Rico Department of the Legion.

President Hoover commented to Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of the Island and one of the founders of The American Legion, on the honor guard of veterans when he arrived in San Juan.

Accompanying the Presidential party were a score of newspaper correspondents from Washington, including Ulric Bell, who was the first Department Commander of Kentucky, and Paul J. McGahan, Past Commander and former National Executive Committeeman from the District of Columbia Department.

The Roll Call

ASQUAD of Legionnaires and a file closer are represented among the contributors to this issue of the Monthly. Peter B. Kyne, member of Merced (California) Post, was the second Historian of the California Department. Dr. William B. Smith is a member of Russell K. Bourne, D.S.C., Post of Wethersfield, Connecticut, and was Post Adjutant in 1927. Charles Phelps Cushing belongs to S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City, and so does Frederick Palmer. Erwin Rudolph derives the right to be a Cleveland Legionnaire from his service in the 83d Division. Raymond C. Parker is a Legionnaire of Winnsboro, Louisiana. Frank J. Schneller of Neenah, Wisconsin, the Legion's Na-



The name and fame of El Segundo (California) Post, spread widely by that inveterate national conventionaire, Happy Wintz, is also spread by this band of the post's Boy Scout troubadours which seems to play everything that will make a noise

tional Director of Marksmanship, is Past Commander of the Wisconsin Department. General Samuel McRoberts is a member of Moses Taylor Post of Mount Kisco, New York.

Colonel James L. Howard, the author of "What Insurance Wants to Know About You," in the April issue, is a member of Rau-Locke Post of Hartford, Connecticut. PHILIP VON BLON

Toward the Perfect Diet

(Continued from page 17)

potato, white varieties of turnip, carrot and corn, but that yellow varieties of these foods contain it. It is found abundantly in liver, kidney and sweetbreads. Vitamin A deficiency brings on an eye condition known as ophthalmia, which may cause blindness and other complications. Nasal discharges such as characterize the break-up of colds and in sinus trouble also occur under these conditions.

Vitamin B is found in abundance in spinach, leaves of turnips or beets, radishes, watercress, lettuce, fruits, yeast, grains, peas, beans and in glandular organs of animals, particularly the liver and kidneys. It is not found in fats or oils of either animal or vegetable origin. Vitamin B deficiency brings on the disease beri-beri, a paralytic condition accompanied by swelling of the legs. It is common in China, where rice is polished to keep it from spoiling. This removes the vitamin.

Vitamin C, the most unstable of the vitamins, is destroyed by heat in the presence of oxygen. It is abundant in the citrus fruits—lemons, grape fruit and orange—and can also be taken in the form of turnip juice and potato juice. Fruits and vegetables canned by the new vacuum process contain vitamin C. A small amount of fresh raw food, such as fruits, should be taken each day to insure a sufficient amount of this vitamin. Hemorrhage is the most outstanding change resulting from Vitamin C deficiency, but another effect, rarefaction of the bones, also takes effect. While scurvy is developing the bones become rarefied and fragile. It is this change in the bone

structure that causes the looseness of the teeth seen in scurvy.

Vitamin D is most abundant in cod liver oil, but liver oils of fishes generally are good sources of it. Butter and egg yolk contain the vitamin in less appreciable amounts. Rickets, caused by Vitamin D deficiency, has been common in the temperate zone but rare in the tropics and unknown in the Far North. It has now been established that the Eskimos escaped it because they ate the fats of marine animals which contained Vitamin D while the ultra-violet rays activated ergosterol in the skin of the tropic dwellers in the tropics. Children will develop rickets unless given cod liver oil, egg yolk or an abundance of sunlight.

Vitamin E is present in wheat oil, cottonseed, corn and palm oils, also peach kernel, soy bean, peanut and olive oils. Apparently all cereals and leafy vegetables, and probably root vegetables as well, contain a considerable amount of this principle. Lack of it tends to produce sterility in rats, but it is improbable that it has any importance in determining sterility in human beings, because the distribution of the vitamin in natural foods is such that people are not likely to run short of it.

Vitamin G is found in lean meats, milk, eggs, yeast and fresh vegetables. Deficiency in this vitamin is thought to cause pellagra, which is characterized by stomach disturbances, skin eruption and nervous derangement. Pellagra is still common in the South. Yeast and lean meats are believed to be the most effective foods in curing this condition.

What Makes a Good Bank?

(Continued from page 15)

banks, as indicating the condition of a bank, depends on whether or not it is a transaction normal to the business of the bank. If this rediscounting is seasonal and is for the purpose of meeting temporary and seasonal needs of the bank's clients it would be a normal transaction. If a bank's borrowings cannot be explained in some such manner it would indicate that some of the assets of the bank are not as liquid as they should be. This analysis of loans, discounts and rediscounts is not shown on the face of the statement, but the information should be readily forthcoming on application.

A bank's investment in real estate should be confined to the building housing the bank, and this should not be on its books for more than twenty-five percent of its capital. If it runs as high as

fifty percent of the capital, unless the situation is unusual, the matter is subject for inquiry.

It is neglect of these rules, and some of them are easy to neglect in times of prosperity, that makes trouble for banks and for people when a pinch comes.

Having selected a bank, observe its course as time goes on. Study its statements and see that its character does not change.

When you've decided on a banker, use him. A bank should be one of the most personal and human of institutions. Consult your banker as a wise person consults a lawyer or doctor—that is, before he is in legal hot water or ill. Your banker can help to keep you out of financial difficulties more easily than he can help to pull you out afterward. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

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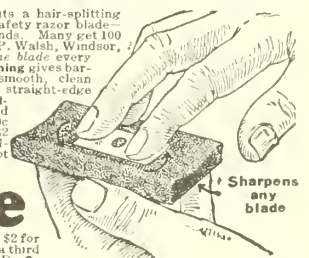
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THE UNFINISHED BATTLE

SEE your Post Service Officer for detailed information on any of the subjects relating to rights or benefits covered in this department. If he cannot answer your question, your Department Service Officer can. Write to your Department Service Officer or to the Regional Office of the Veterans Bureau in your State on matters connected with uncomplicated claims or routine activities. If unable to obtain service locally or in your State, address communications to National Rehabilitation Committee, The American Legion, 710 Bond Building, Washington, D.C.

WHEN Congress reconvenes The American Legion will present to it a series of requests for additional legislation to clear up injustices under existing law and to provide urgently needed relief for disabled men and their dependents. In recent addresses National Commander Ralph T. O'Neil has summarized the legislative program as follows:

Legislation to relieve the distress of dependent children of veterans who lie helpless in hospitals.

Legislation to aid the widows and orphans of veterans.

Immediate construction of the veterans' hospitals authorized by the last Congress.

Passage of legislation providing for the building up of the Navy to the strength allowed by the London naval treaty.

Legislation to increase the disability allowance of World War veterans to the same level as the pensions provided for veterans of the Spanish-American War.

THE wide attention given the adjusted compensation loan law has overshadowed the fact that the last session of Congress enacted more legislation affecting hospital construction than any previous session. Laws were passed authorizing the construction of \$24,477,000 worth of new hospitals, while appropriations of \$21,765,180 were made for the construction of hospitals authorized at previous sessions and for beginning the construction authorized at this session.

The principal hospital construction law appropriated \$20,877,000 for new hospitals and for additions to existing hospitals and National Soldiers' Homes. The law did not designate sites, which are being selected by the Federal Board of Hospitalization. In general, however, these sites are expected to correspond with the recommendations of the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs. That committee reported in favor of these new hospitals: Vermont, \$500,000; Chautauqua County, New York, \$750,000; South Carolina, \$1,000,000; South Dakota, \$500,000; California, \$500,000; Cincinnati, Ohio, \$750,000; Arkansas, \$800,000; Nevada, \$300,000, and Wyoming, \$500,000.

For the enlargement of existing institutions, the committee made these recommendations: Bedford, Massachusetts, \$280,000; Coatesville, Pennsylvania, \$560,000; Augusta, Georgia, \$280,000; Aspinwall, Pennsylvania, \$450,000;

Tuscaloosa, Alabama, \$280,000; Gulfport, Mississippi, \$500,000; Chillicothe, Ohio, \$370,000; Camp Custer, Michigan, \$500,000; St. Cloud, Minnesota, \$370,000; Iowa, \$620,000; Rutland, Massachusetts, \$410,000; Boise, Idaho, \$250,000; Helena, Montana, \$330,000, and Waco, Texas, \$450,000.

A law enacted at the last session appropriated \$3,435,000 for construction of Marine hospitals located at Chicago, Evansville, Indiana; Galveston, Texas; Louisville, Kentucky; Memphis, Tennessee; Mobile, Alabama; Norfolk, Virginia, and San Francisco, California.

THE therapeutic value of work is being tested in the National Soldiers' Homes, in which residents who are able-bodied by usual standards have been assigned tasks in farms and gardens. When the new policy was put into effect at the National Home in Milwaukee in April, Charles M. Pearsall, the home adjutant, explained the intention was to raise health standards and to promote contentment. Fatigue details were assigned to 931 men in the Milwaukee home who were not hospital patients. The men were examined by medical officers who certified they would derive benefits from work.

"Everything the men do will directly benefit themselves," the adjutant said. "Three or more acres will be devoted to gardening. Flowers and vegetables will be grown. It will mean better food for the mess tables and more beautiful surroundings. Details of men will find especially appealing work in keeping the lawns in shape."

The business depression has made the national homes havens for many who would not otherwise be residents of them. The law governing admissions to homes is very liberal and, in general, any veteran unable to obtain his livelihood outside may find a sanctuary in them without any sacrifice of self-respect.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

358TH HOSP. CORPS, 90TH DIV.—Maj. GORDON, Col. GARWOOD, Capt. CLARK and other officers and men who remember knee injury suffered by Willie Earl RAY in wrestling match at Camp Travis, Tex.

EIGHTH INF., Co. I—Men who remember Stephen H. KING, now deceased, while on S. S. *Thomas*, which ran through typhoon about Aug. 17, 1917, can assist mother in establishing insurance claim.

45TH F. A., CAMP STANLEY, LEON SPRINGS, TEX.—Statements from S. G. ARNOLD, major, medical corps, examining officer, and John E. HUMISTON, 2d lt., witness, to support claim of Homer H. GOUGH for spinal injury sustained in service.

CAMP HOSP. No. 15, CAMP COETQUIDAN, FRANCE—Edward GRIVE requires statements from Major SCHAWWAKER, Nurse Jean BROWN (now Mrs. AKINS), Pvt. PEARSON, wardmaster, and bed patients in surgical abdominal ward on Feb. 3, 1919. Also empyema convalescent called "Jaco."

142D INF., Co. K—Statement from former Lt. KALL to support claim of Arlington House for unpaid transportation.

16TH INF., Co. C, FIRST DIV.—Statement required from former Cpl. Oscar JOHNSON in connection with civil case of Henry P. BENNETT of Ely, Nevada.

THIRD OFFICERS' TRAINING CAMP, CAMP GRANT, ILL.—Statements required by Capt. John L. LEACH from William Billy HAYS, and Burton E. PORTER, 2d lt., instructor of F Section, Sept. 5, 1917, to Apr. 17, 1918, to support claim.

602D ENGRS., A. E. F.—Statements from Capt. David KRAMER, Capt. R. W. PEABODY, 1st Lt. CAULKIN and 1st Lt. YOUNG in support of claim of George W. LOGAN.

FIFTH SERV. Co., SIGNAL CORPS—Ex-Sgt. Frank S. MAULDIN wants to contact former members, especially ex-Sgt. Robt. E. MCCLINTOCK and others on construction detail of camp telephone system, who remember his disability.

MARTIN, Lewis A.—Formerly Co. A, 137th Inf., 35th Div., missing since Oct. 3, 1925. Six feet tall, black hair tinged with gray, brown eyes, hole above ear, shrapnel wound back of neck, high cheek bones (part Indian), very neat. Mentality questioned. Deserted wife and baby. Necessary to locate him to establish insurance claim.

DENTAL CORPS, SURAL DOCKS, BORDEAUX, FRANCE—Statement required from former Capt. Conrad Ervin MORTENSEN to support disability claim of Dr. W. G. MURRAY.

SIXTH Co., 157TH DEPOT BRIG., CAMP McCLELLAN, ALA.—Statements from 1st Lt. Raymond G. COOPER and other men who remember back injury to Eugene W. NOWELL during Sept. or Oct., 1918, while unloading lumber from freight car. Also doctor who remembers treating him and marking him off duty for three days.

SEVENTH ENGRS. TRN. INF.—Statements from Cpl. Harold SPICKARD, Carl REEVES, Jack MC-CONVILLE, Emil ROBB, Pat SAVAGE and others who remember knee injury sustained by William E. REMEY when he fell into shell hole.

U. S. S. *Huron*—Former crew members who recall Herbert M. THOMPSON who was struck on head with kitchen utensil during friendly scuffle on board ship. Thompson is now totally-disabled mental patient and statements required to establish insurance claim.

307TH MOBILE ORD. REPAIR SHOP, 82D DIV., A. E. F.—Statement from ex-Capt. Merwyn F. STRAUSS to support disability claim of ex-Sgt. John A. RICE.

O'NEAL, Thomas—Ex-pvt., Bn. A, Second Field Art., blue eyes, brown hair, 5 ft. 9 in. Missing. Necessary to locate him in connection with adjusted compensation certificate claim.

Co. E, SEC. 1, MARINE CORPS, MARE ISLAND, CALIF.—H. E. WETMORE requires statements from Sgt. Francis G. SMITH and Pvt. Harold E. BUDLONG to support claim.

109TH AM. TRN., CAMP CODY, NEW MEX.—Statements from ex-Lt. WINTER, Teamster Herman LUTZ and a medical corps lieutenant to support disability claim of H. E. WINCHELL.

SHINLIVER, Edith Delight—Daughter of Vinton C. Shinliver, deceased veteran. Is living with mother, Mrs. Edith Shinliver Corwin, from whom veteran obtained divorce in 1923. Necessary to locate this 17-year-old girl to settle claim.

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